

MY FIRST YEAR-BY PIERRE TRUDEAU

JUNE 1969 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / 35¢

# MACLEAN'S



## QUEBEC'S TALENT EXPLOSION

Chantal Renaud is  
one of the bombshells

## EASY DIVORCE

The not-so-tender trap

First Expo.  
Now 100% Dry Gin.  
Is there anything  
We Canadians  
can't do?



**Super Gin. 100% Dry.**  
**From Calvert.**

# MACLEAN'S REPORTS

JUNE, 1969 VOLUME 82 NUMBER 6



The Diefenbunker (tunnel, centre) won't let you in — unless you ask around

## A hush-hush report on Ottawa's top-secret hidey-hole

THIS BUNKER STORY is top secret, and it might be just as well if you didn't read it at all. It concerns the "Diefenbunker," the hush-hush installation that will become the nerve centre of the Canadian government in case of war, the better 'ole our senior politicians, civil servants and military brass will go to if over the seven go off.

I thought the Diefenbunker was done for — a relic of the frightening days of the early 1960s, and the Cuban missile crisis — but no, it's still there, sucking up tax dollars, a three-story cave with modern conveniences set in the rolling countryside of Ontario at Carp, 22 miles west of Ottawa.

On the aerial landscape roundabouts you'll see Habitat ones, shade trees and rippling streams; but there, smack in the middle of them, squats this massive bunker, covered with greenwood and radio towers, and protected by ventilation chimneys which thrust up through the stunted grass like exclamation points and let anyone who cares to know that there is something pretty damn important buried down below.

A sign outside says CANADIAN PACIFIC STATION, Carp, and the place is described by the Defence Department as a "communication centre," but it isn't either of these, it's a hidey-hole. When I drove out to visit it, I asked a couple of gentlemen who were shovelling dirt

into a truck beside the parking lot (well, you wouldn't want a top-secret cave without a nice big parking lot, would you?) what sort of place this was. One man yanked a thumb at the sign and said "Arisee base — like it says," then raised the other by adding, "It's top secret."

At the gate that marks the only level in a sinister fortified fence surrounding the area, a firm young military policeman couldn't tell me anything except that the place was top secret and no, I couldn't go inside.

I drove out of the parking lot and across the road to Holloway's Garage, where three young men were standing around stopping pop and asked, "Hey, what's that place over there?"

"It's the arse," said one young man.

"The underground arse," said the second.

"There's a three-story building under the grass," said the third, "and soldiers, and all kinds of equipment."

"You know, for an example," said "Ah," I said, "the Diefenbunker."

They all nodded. It's getting harder and harder to keep a secret, even a top secret.

The Diefenbunker was apparently built in 1960 — at least, Prime Minister Diefenbaker's veiled references in the House of Commons indicated that — and stocked with water, food, medicines and communication gear.

The idea is that when hydrogen bombs begin to rain down (or, preferably, just before) key cabinet members, civil servants and army commanders will be whisked from Ottawa to this shelter, where they can direct war efforts, retaliation, or whatever

is left to direct with most of the nation buried in atomic rubble.

The place was code-named Alternative Ottawa and confidentially called The Cold Hole, but as soon as word got out to the public it was dubbed the Diefenbunker and nothing, not even two changes of government, has been able to shake the label. When I drove into Carp and asked copy for "the army installation in the area," I got nothing but a blank look. But when I asked, "You know, the Diefenbunker," I was at once directed to the spot.

Personally, I think the best thing to do with the place is to demolish it as a tourist attraction, with hot-dog stands and portlands, and try to get some of our money back.

Perhaps the worst is an atomic war, with most of the nation wiped out and the rest about to be swallowed in radioactive fallout and then, safe in their hidey-hole, bunker the politicians, brass-hats and bureaucrats. (I am assuming the money will do the sporting thing, and not blow up the Diefenbunker just because he knows where it is) passing order-in-council, balancing the budget and firing off communique into the haloscape. The whole thing makes a man sweat glands, and even poets.

Scratch the thought my soul release  
When I've blown to hell, or landed  
a tarp.

The odds will be badly taking  
my heart

From the heart of a bunker at Carp  
WALTER STEWART

## The schools where kids learn a lot —from the convicts next door

TAKEN BY CHIEF, Northumberland County Jail in Newcastle, N.B., seems just a typically outmoded, short-term Canadian prison: a dozen little cells with bunkers for toilets; two large tanks for bathing, and little else.

What makes this jail different is its location. It sits so close to three

One of our  
prodigal sons  
has returned.



Canadian Lord Calvert has come home.

Lord Calvert is the whisky we sent Stateside a few years ago to give Americans a taste of Canada's most superbly. Like many talented Canadians, our whisky found instant stardom in the U.S. Its million bottles in two years—quite a welcome.

But why, we recently reasoned, had Americans enjoy all of it? Then, the prodigal has returned. If you're not moved to toast a famed call—simply have him over for a drink.

**Canadian Lord Calvert.**

From right: 3 famous Canadians in the U.S. (Shirley Peterson, Guy Lombardo, Canadian Lord Calvert. One has returned for good.)

schools—elementary, junior and senior high—that pupils and professors hobnob through a steel-mesh fence.

The jail was built in 1982, just 70 feet from what is now the elementary school. The junior and senior high schools were built years later. Until last year, a solid wooden fence divided jailward and schoolward. Then a storm knocked down the fence, and it was replaced by the steel-mesh.

Now almost any day, students can be seen chatting or exchanging words with inmates. One girl from the high school visits many good inmates, through the fence visits with her boyfriend in jail (they got married the day he got out). Another pupil, a boy, spent each recess sitting with his father, a jail inmate. Mothers complain of rumors and obscene language hurled at their daughters by the prisoners.

"It's an undesirable area, and it must have an undesirable, unconscious effect on the student," says R. J. Manderson, vice-principal of the high school.

Even before the old fence came down, Newswatch's mayor, 44-year-old Earl McKenna, was agitating for removal of the jail. "I've never stopped," he says. "Not one meeting of the town council goes by that the subject isn't raised, and not a month passes that I am not in Frederickton protesting the issue."

But to Frederickton, the man who could get the jail relocated, New Brunswick Justice Minister Bernard Jean says the issue must await reorganization of the province's court system, now under study, and more decisions depend on changes Ottawa is making in the Criminal Code.

Few of the town's 6,000 residents seem to feel as strongly about the jail as Mayor McKenna and his council, but so do the neighborhood residents. B. A. McKenna says, for people subjected to the stench on dry after day, "the whole thing's a pain in the neck."

DAVE ROSENBERG

A village of the piece was U.S.-owned Kasser Resources Ltd., which plans to invest \$80 million in Elk Valley to raise colliery coal worth \$775 million over the next 15 years and ship it to Japan.

The TV program aroused conservationists, wildlife enthusiasts, campers and others, who threatened a rape of beautiful virgin land—and by extension at that.

To the people of Elk Valley, however, this concept of a virgin landscape means almost nothing, and if the project can be described as rape, they're gladly making a positive act between consenting adults.

For generations they've depended on coal for their livelihood, and mining has always meant chock towns, dirty air and dirty earnings.

Rebelling suggestions that the company will lay waste the land, spokesman for the coal company and the B.C. government have loudly proclaimed Kasser's honorable intentions. E. Bailey, the company's general manager, insists the area to be mined is rocky, unprofitable and with no value at (farmed) or timberland.

Earl Royce, Kasser's public-relations man, stresses that the location is so remote that coal Kasser hauls into it, "you couldn't even find it unless you flew in."

What's more, promises Kasser's board chairman Jack Abbey, "we will reclaim the land so that it will look just like its surroundings." And Premier W. A. C. Bennett has promised "the best controls possible over the operation, either through agreements with the company or through legislation."

Such assurances were almost irrelevant to many Elk Valley people. "We didn't need stop-mining to destroy the mountains," says Loreta Montenegro, municipal clerk at Sparwood. "They weren't here anyway. And we've seen what reclamation does—it has dumped dirt all around the town."

She's one of many who use the project as a great bonanza: 300 new jobs, a payroll of \$700 million over 15 years, \$70 million to be paid by Kasser in property and income taxes, new houses, new schools, new recreational resources—in short, an unprecedented boom.

Kasser's PR man, Earl Royce, says "If you go to Fernie [the region's largest community, pop. 3,500] and run down Kasser, you'll get a ship in the face. They want a steady job and a steady pay check, and we're going to give it to them."

Rapel Pichardo, like a lot of people in Elk Valley, says he hardly will.

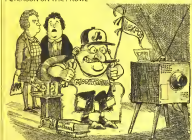
ROSEMARY WILK

**That "rape" of Elk Valley is between consenting adults in public**

LAST NOVEMBER 24, CBC-TV's public affairs program *The Way It Is* featured a film report voicing some harsh opinions as a frontier town lay abandoned to nature, apparently caring nothing for several heavily worn, leaning to the right at an angle of southeast (British Columbia, tracing its descent).

The program underlined in my of outrage by showing graphically how strip-mining has left parts of Kasser looking like some cruel-ruined area of the north.

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"Last year all he worried about was Quebec's standing as a nation. This year it's Montserrat's standing as the National Capital."

# THE SMOOTH TASTE OF SUCCESS



The sacrosanct whisky: Seagram's V.O.  
Enjoyed by people with a taste for excellence.  
Smooth, certain, friendly V.O.  
Nice to have around when there's  
good news to be shared.

SEAGRAM'S

V.O.



MACLEAN'S REPORTS JUNE, 1969

## A "great Russian humorist" gets the last laugh on Charginx

THROUGH NO FAULT of his own, Boris Kerelev, Novosti Press correspondent in Ottawa, has become a semi-carrying Comedian — a Charginx card-carrying Comedian, that is.

The card first arrived in his mail one morning from the Royal Bank of



Canada, embossed with his name and his very own personalized 12-digit number. It was enough to drive any good Novosti man to his typewriter to dash off yet another stinging comment on the capitalist system, and that's just what Kerelev did. In 600 scorching words in the *Kommunistische Freiheit* (Young Communist Daily) he told its 6,900,000 readers about Canada's "inspired" new Charginx card:

"Now without a single cent in my pocket I may purchase any article, starting with a package of shaving foam up to an airplane ticket. And if I want very strongly I may even purchase the bank staff which sent me this credit card. 'Wrap it up,' I will tell them, together with the president and all the deputies."

After pouring out the contents of my credit, Kerelev got down to the quarry of his ownage: Canadians are the biggest robbers in the world. The result? Tragedy for "hundreds of thousands or perhaps millions of families, bankruptcy, loss of parental services (through default of payment) and with them the push-in economy, sleepless nights, nervous children, ulcers, busting up of wives and children."

What's more, Kerelev announced, these disasters hit only the poor — "healthy people don't buy on credit."

Hardly had Kerelev fired off this satire to Moscow than a second Charginx card arrived in the mail — this time from the Toronto-Dominion

Bank. Why was Comrade Kerelev chosen for so much attention from Charginx?

"We sent cards to a lot of people, starting among our depositors," explains Clare Armstrong of the Royal Bank's main Ottawa office. "We were first telling them if they didn't want it to let us know, but not everybody bothers to read farm letters."

Paul Bergeron, manager of Toronto-Dominion's Charginx centre in Montreal, said the same thing "We'd check to make sure they were responsible, but we wouldn't check their politics."

Kerelev, a jovial type who follows the new Soviet party line of making-frictions-while-not-obviously-tyrannizing-unhappy-people, can't understand why anyone would challenge even the wildest exaggerations in his article.

"It wasn't a serious criticism," he insists, "just an attempt to be funny." Actually, he thinks Charginx is a good system — though he doesn't use the card the Royal Bank sent him. (He won't say for sure whether he has used the Toronto-Dominion card.)

But wouldn't his article give Russians a false impression of Canada?

"They wouldn't take it seriously," he says. "Almost everybody in Russia knows I'm a great humorist."

ELLEN THURGOOD

## The Hon. John (puff) Munro's struggle to quit (cough) smoking

JOHN MUNRO was smoking three packs of Export Fils per day when Pierre Trudeau appointed him Minister of Health and Welfare last July.

His two associate predecessors, Allan MacEachen and Judy LaMarsh, had sworn off cigarettes after assuming that portfolio, and saw the pressure was too strong to follow their example. Until November, he ignored the challenge. Nevertheless, during a three-hour cabinet meeting, he would puff through a whole pack. Opposite members dubbed him The Honorable Two-Pack.

On November 30, he made public results of laboratory research into the tar and nicotine content of 84 brands and styles of cigarettes. His own brand led the list. Declaring cigarettes a serious health hazard, he urged smokers to quit or at least switch to less harmful brands.

Obviously bothered by the soberest contradictions of it all, he made the



grand gesture. "This," he told the press corps dramatically, "is my last cigarette." The impact of the declaration diminished, however, as it was repeated several times during the next few days. The dawning realization wasn't — to be fair — nearly as fast; it was just that every time Munro lit a cigarette there seemed to be a reporter there to ask him if that was his last. By that weekend, Munro was a jittery bundle of guilt and desire and his executive assistant, Ian Howard, provided a compromise: a pipe. It lasted three weeks.

"The day I quit," Munro remembers gleefully, "there was a lot of positive news. I could lead the pigs, so I started cigarette again."

This time he turned to Craven A Filters, reportedly lower in tar and nicotine, and managed to get down to a pack a day. Specifically he tried to quit, sometimes simply by not buying cigarettes — a self-defeating strategy that merely resulted in his ceding smokers from people around him — and other times substituting the pipe in Labrador or attempting any one of a dozen "cures," including Benson. "It didn't seem to work for me."

Through it all, he backed his department's anti-smoking campaign, which tried to terrify youngsters from smoking and persuade committed smokers to quit or switch to milder brands.

The campaign, he believes, is getting results. "A lot of people have become pretty defensive about their smoking," including him. "I'm setting a very poor example. But I have cut down."

"What a slave, what a slave," rocks a voice on one of his department's two anti-smoking TV "newsweeklies." And the truth of that observation is well borne out by Munro's own testimony. "I sort of believe within myself that I can stop, but it's always tomorrow."

However, he has made one resolution: he won't skip even better. "Next time I quit smoking, I'm not going to tell anyone and I know I've quit."

STEPHEN JOHNS



It's a special day.  
Her birthday, your anniversary,  
or some silly occasion nobody but you two could understand.  
So you plan a champagne picnic  
And give her the gift  
that says all the special things it would take a poet to put into words.  
Diamonds make a gift of love.

## How to make money (or maybe lose it) on whisky you never see

AT LEAST 175 Canadians have poured up Canada Savings Bonds in favor of scotch — not as a drink but as an investment.

Before it's ready for market, the genuine made-in-Scotland product has to be aged in wooden casks for at least four years. The Scottish distillers prefer to sell their newly distilled or "green" whisky, then buy it back, at maturity. That way, they can keep their own capital active in maturing rather than in warehousing. Until the early '60s, enough capital was available from investors in Britain. But the industry has since grown so fast that the distillers now need \$150 million a year to finance the dormant period and are looking further afield for money.

Last year, to take advantage of this trend, a former investment dealer, Jacques Paris, 35, set up offices in Montreal and Ottawa as Canada's only full-time whisky broker. Since then he has acquired a list of customers including doctors, dentists, businessmen and cancer women, all impressed by market records showing an annual profit of 15 to 30 percent on scotch malt whisky bought at "two ages" and held to maturity (i.e. four years). At the end of 1968, for instance, unaged Highland malt whisky was selling for \$2.65 to \$3 a gallon, matured whisky for \$5.25 to \$5.40.

Paris clients have invested an average of \$5,000 apiece, and like any other buyers on the commodity market, they'll never lay eyes on their wares. And, like all other commodity investors, they're gambling they'll be able to sell the goods for more than they paid. At Paris' words one, he's a broker, not a guarantor. (His commission is five percent.) Drinking trends being what they are, scotch consumption could easily decline in favor of a fed for, say, vodka, and the result could be a sharp drop in scotch prices.

If you do decide to take the plunge, you need the broker's certified cheques (minimum \$2,000 U.S.) and to return your money papers showing that you own certain marked casks in a UK warehouse.

As with any other stock, you can sell out at any time, as long as there's somebody willing to buy.

HAROLD MACLENNAN

## EDITORIAL

# The disturbing backlash from the campus revolt

THE AFFAIR OF STANLEY GRAY, the McGill lecturer and student-group leader who was awarded a Canada Council grant, is a clear instance of anti-student backlash.

The campus revolt has, in large part, sprung from valid causes and, except where it has led to lawlessness, has been useful. It has opened up the education system to an examination long overdue. The challenge by the student activists forced us to look and, having looked, to see — as the child saw the Emperor had no clothes — our institutions as they are. And what we have seen is that the curricula and teaching methods in some faculties and the structure of university life on many of our campuses are anachronistic, authoritarian and needful of change.

The frequently intemperate clamor of the students has stirred adult resentment. The resentment has been caused partly by the demeanor of the students, partly by their arrogance but mostly because they flaunt adult values as irrelevant or reject them as evil. This kind of fundamental challenge elicits more than disagreement; it engenders hostility, a hostility expressed in the common question, "Who the hell do these kids think they are?" The students demand change and change demands and who does not resent being disturbed?

Stanley Gray was the primary catalyst motivating the extraordinary reaction to the news that Stanley Gray, the leader of the McGill demonstrators, had been given a \$5,000 Canada Council grant. Gray is not a simple student dissenter; he is a radical, an avowed Marxist, and Marxist goals are not simply educational reform but the total overturn of our way of life. Comes the grant and comes the backlash! — furious editorials, public fulminations by commentators, demands that the Canada Council be abolished or made subject to supervision by the government. A wild day for debate.

The need is to keep our perspective. We may oppose Gray and his goals, but ours is a democracy built on the right to dissent. We may disagree with his opinion but we must defend the right to express it. Gray won his grant, the council says, on the ground of academic excellence. To ask the council to require applicants to submit to a test of political orthodoxy is to move toward thought control and is a denial of the right to dissent. That is totalitarianism. It is also a confession of weakness: do we not have confidence in the vitality of our democratic system?

The reaction to Gray's grant was pure backlash; an eruption of the resentment created by the student challenge of the status quo. It is, in many ways, more disturbing than the unrest on our campuses.

## HE FOUND WINSTON CHURCHILL "SHAMEFULLY DISGUSTING AND OFFENSIVE TO ALL"

**COLONEL John Bayne Maclean** founder of this magazine, was a man of many contradictions. Unimpressed by the pomp and ceremony of the British Empire, he was a man of balance, a man of balance. He had Canada's biggest periodical publishing firm. Born in an obscure Ontario town, he became a friend of the famous and powerful. A passionate border at war paper, he performed acts of high generosity. Respectful of authority, he hated governments and championed unpopular causes. The *enemies* he despised were in fact. A *Confession* of the Press, a comedy of the arts, a biography by Floyd S. Chalmers, to be published this month by Doubleday Canada. It reveals one aspect of an often-overlooked character — Maclean's lifelong, energetic, global fascination with new-world personalities. He was, in the author's phrase, "a collector of people." This excerpt describes his first (and disillusioning) encounter with a young British named Winston Churchill.



JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN'S "people collector" operated along outside lines, in that all kinds were included, even those he strongly disapproved of. One such was Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, who at the age of 26 made his first visit to Canada.

Few then had even heard of a man just recently he had been about 17 years old, and was not yet to become that he would one day be prime minister. A few months prior, while serving as war correspondent in the South African campaign, he had been the hero of an exciting episode from the Boer war, where hands he had no right to fall in any event.

Churchill had earned good money as a war correspondent—fighting men in Egypt and South Africa, then, to pay off debts and accumulate cash to promote his high political ambitions, he decided on a lecture tour in Britain (very profitable) and later in the United States (profitable, but less so). When he expanded the program

to include several Canadian cities his American agent engaged Colonel Maclean's old reporter colleague, Steven Houston of Toronto, to arrange the Toronto and Montreal meetings. Houston, remembering that Maclean was a House officer in Montreal, knew he could count on his friend to promote the lecture visit of another new-world-famous House. The colonel gladly went to work on the press, the business brass and the public.

Small wonder, then, that a group of reporters surrounded Churchill when he stepped from the British train in Windsor Station, Montreal, on December 22, 1900, or that his opening remark on "the lowest standards" in one of them described it — was immediately jotted down in notebooks. "Thank God, we are once more on British soil!" he said.

With characteristic and careful drinking, Maclean had organized a brilliant setting for the lecture, with appropriate social events before and after. Col. E. A. Whitbread, leading resistance and successful insurance executive, would be host at a special luncheon in the St. James Club. Senator [later Sir] George Deschamps agreed to move the vote of thanks after the evening lecture and also to use his influence in ensuring a distinguished platform group of high court judges, business leaders, top military men and others. The mayor accepted the duty of chairman. And after the speeches, this hand-picked roster of Montreal's best would move to the Minto Room at the Club, where millionaire banker Edward S. Cleverly had offered to entertain at supper.

The preliminaries were impressive. The actual occasion in Windsor Hall and its sequel spilled up to unfortunate disillusionment for many, including John Bayne Maclean. For Churchill was in his most exuberantly arrogant mood.

Newspaper reports did not attempt to conceal the unfavorable reaction. The 1290-odd in the audience "were disappointed if they attended anticipating any new light on the all-absorbing subject" of the South African War, for virtually no information not already in their possession was

imparted. Nonetheless, it was conceded that "Lord Randolph's son has a very strong way with him," through his witty asides and running comment — especially when he brandished as like those rumors about the impression Britishers (himself included) calling out "insignificance" toward the ladies of Pretoria. The fact was that the street running by the prime seemed to hold peculiar attraction for the local vernacular, but he wanted to stress his substance that the ordinary Dutch view was hardly one to arouse uneasiness.

At several points in the speech Churchill introduced amusing slides of photographs showing "your gallant Canadians" on the way across the valley or hunting the Union Jack over a hard-won objective. When a member of the audience, Dr. Francis J. Shephard, McGill's Professor of Anatomy, rose to ask why all the Colonial troops pictured seemed to be Canadian, the lecturer was ready with a breezy comeback: "Oh, those troops will all be Australian when I get to Australia."

The flamboyance remained undiminished at the supper party, where the guest of honor was inspired, after suitable refreshment, to proffer a few off-the-record remarks, including a repetition of his frank prophecy that he would one day lead the British government.

"A very handsome and talented young man," was Dr. Shephard's summing-up. And Colonel Maclean, who had attended all the successes that day, could not resist the temptation to his wealthy brethren friends for having inspired Churchill as they. He had found the visitor "disagreeably disgusting and offensive to all."

It was a first impression that would become a fixed conviction over many long years. More than two decades were to pass before there was any relaxing of his private opinions — and the severance would be in large measure due to Mrs. Churchill, whom he met at a social occasion, on the Riviera in the mid-1920s and found totally charming. Obviously there must be some worthy qualities in the man this lovely being had deigned to marry.

## The Titled Gin



**WHITE SATIN** by  
**SIR ROBERT BURNETT**

A classic British balance  
of the smooth and the dry.  
Invented in London, 1770,  
by nobility for nobility.  
And tastes it.





We expect the open pit mine will go down 600 feet. Further depths will be by underground mining.



The sludge is pumped into the charge through a 30 inch pipe line. 12 000 tons being to a special basin at Ojibway Lake.

There was only one thing  
separating Jerry Marshall from  
millions of tons of nickel ore

15,000,000 cubic yards  
of sludge



When the overburden has been removed, open pit mine will start on an elliptical-shaped bowl 2 000 feet long by 1 300 feet wide.

That was in the summer of 1967, when 27-year-old Jerry Marshall was made planning engineer for our Pipe No. 2 mine site, near Thompson, Manitoba.

Jerry was given the job of designing and laying out the groundwork for excavation of the open pit mine. But before there can be any excavating, 15,000,000 cubic yards of overburden, up to 150 feet deep, have to be removed. It just so happens that the big nickel ore deposit is located right under the swamp-like deposit of muskeg and glacial ice.

To remove the overburden we flooded it so it could be pumped out as sludge at a rate of 35,000 gallons a minute. To accomplish this, a giant dredge was brought to the lake on 95 flat cars and assembled piece by piece.

The Pipe No. 2 site Jerry is working on is but one of several projects in the Thompson area, all designed to speed up the task of getting out the nickel to meet world demands. Work is also continuing on Pipe No. 1, Soab South and Soab North and Birchtree and at the Thompson mine the main shaft is being deepened to 4,000 feet.

**INTERNATIONAL NICKEL**  
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED



# PLATFORM

With this issue, *Maclean's* launches a department of lively comment on national affairs. Tory Dalton Camp, Liberal Keith Davey and New Democrat Laurier LaPierre clash in debate about Pierre Elliott Trudeau's first year in office. In future issues they'll take turns presenting their uninhibited opinions on what's happening to the country.



**DALTON CAMP**, *Conservative Party policy leader who inspired the January 16 leadership campaign* is *Maclean's* Clark Fellow in political science at Queen's University.



**LAURIER LAPIERRE**, *McGill University history professor and television commentator* is frequently mentioned as a potential national leader of the NDP.



**SENATOR KEITH DAVEY**, *Liberal Party strategist* is chairman of the Senate committee investigating ownership of communication media in Canada.

**Senator Keith Davey:** I think Mr. Trudeau's first year as Prime Minister has been a satisfactory year for Canada and a satisfactory year for the Liberal Party. All things considered, a good year.

**Dalton Camp:** I think it's interesting that Senator Davey would avoid speaking to the essential question. It may be that the last year has been instructive to the Prime Minister, probably instructive to us, but I would say it has been a disaster of intent and policy as far as you could measure those things, prior to during and after an election. I think you could draw out an enormous case.

**Davey:** Dalton, I would concede it's been instructive to the Prime Minister. After all, he's a new prime minister, a new party leader. But how can you suggest that it's been a disaster of any

kind — except for the other political parties — is more than I can see.

**Laurier LaPierre:** I wouldn't use the word disaster, but I think it has been a disappointment. Traveling across the country and across it, particularly among the young people who flocked to the banner last year. There's a great feeling of disappointment. It hasn't yet turned into bitter disappointment, but they are asking whether their new enthusiasm was not really misplaced. And even though they concede there have been good points in Trudeau's record facing one girl is that it's too bad it turned out the way it has. I don't think the great expectations he created were responsible to realize. I think that Canadians, who have been accustomed to extreme difficulty in politics, felt

themselves quite revitalized by Mr. Trudeau's leadership and electoral campaign. And to a very large degree it created a kind of agreement that perhaps Canada might have discovered its "Kennedy." But then the disillusionment came. A student at a meeting recently in Powell River, British Columbia said, "You know, I remember Kennedy's inaugural address, but I can't remember a single wretched word that Mr. Trudeau has ever uttered."

**Davey:** You know, Laurier and Dalton, I remember Mr. Pearson's Sixty Days. I was vitally involved in it and sometimes criticized. And I think the expectations that were developed in Mr. Trudeau's campaign — primarily by the press and, I might say, by the academic community — were totally unrealistic. And the first per-

son to point this out was the Prime Minister.

**LaPierre:** The first person to capitalize on it and to encourage it and to give credence to the great expectations was Mr. Trudeau.

**Camp:** I find myself agreeing with Keith here. The expectation was totally unrealistic. It was an assumption that politics could be some kind of machine operation, which is what the campaign was. It was really a triumph of style over the realists. I think the problem was, in part that many Canadians had come to believe in the possibility of a kind of miracle, a leader who can solve all the very complex and diverse problems that any government faces. I think that was true especially among a substantial number of comfortable Canadian citizens. Maybe they just wanted

somebody to take the whole thing off their backs.

**LaPierre:** I think the mouth also has some validity for a certain age bracket. But with the younger elements of the society it was more a feeling that politics would now be something different. Now politics would be an instrument of social change. I think this is what the disappointment with Trudeau is all about. So many people sense that the social change and the attacks against social life of various kinds have not really begun.

**Camp:** I found that many of the people who supported him in the election campaign didn't want social change.

**Davey:** You know, the interesting thing is that you two fellows seldom in your own apparent disappointment at the Trudeau administration. The

simple fact is that the government has accomplished a great deal, so let's not dwell entirely on the disappointment or the discontent or what you saw "the disaster." All I'm saying is that there were unrealistic expectations. Any realistic expectations have been more than met.

**Camp:** I think it would be fair to have a record of those achievements.

**Davey:** Well, I think they are numerous. The rules of parliament have been streamlined and there has been a rather remarkable flow of legislation — 32 public bills have been passed. I agree that there, really, have been handkeeping, they've been relatively unopposed, they have been.

**LaPierre:** The last Pearson government had a better performance record over a similar period and they didn't

continued on page 67

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# MY FIRST YEAR AS PRIME MINISTER



## PIERRE TRUDEAU

One year ago Canadians elected a new prime minister in an atmosphere alive with expectation. How has the job measured up to Pierre Trudeau's own expectations? Has it been frustrating? What has he achieved? Does he find Canada impossible to govern? He gives candid answers in response to questions from Maclean's Editor Charles Templeton

I AM FREQUENTLY ASKED which of my official duties I enjoy most. The answer is two, each almost equally. One is chairing a good cabinet meeting and the other is sitting in the House of Commons after when specific legislation is being debated or during the question period. Perhaps the latter is the more enjoyable. I don't mean to say that it is not sometimes tedious and sometimes embarrassing, what with the questions leveled at us and the answers we give. And perhaps the pleasure now of so many people in the galleries and to many schoolchildren coming to see parliamentary democracy at work and obliging us to keep on our toes is part of the enjoyment. When I go into the House at two o'clock there is always a sense of exhilaration. But a good cabinet meeting on a good subject is also very rewarding. There you see strong men with great experience in politics or in other fields debating a question and arriving at a conclusion. This is exciting, too.

The aspect of my official duties I like the least is, I suppose, sometimes not having enough time to get through my paper work or my correspondence. It's not that it is boring, but it is a bit frustrating to find there is a lack of time and perhaps even a lack of human capacity to use that time. I have not had adequate time either for the reading and thinking I would like to do.

I am reconciled to this, however, because I have

told myself that the first year will be one of gaining the mechanisms in working order and getting the right people in the right places. We are nearing the end of that phase now and soon there will be more time to reflect, to read, to meditate and also to spend hours completely away from the government, in sports or out in the country.

I enjoy the business of government. There is no other job I would rather do than the one I am doing now. But I would prefer, naturally, that the job I am doing would give me more time for sports, for reflection, for reading. Even so, there are many opportunities for recreation that arise, even as part of my job.

Take last summer when I spent three or four days in Stratford with part of my staff and a couple of ministers. We spent the days hammering out policy and laying plans for future action, and in the evening we went to the theatre or to a concert or met with friends. Occasionally, we went swimming. This is a good way of doing things. Some of my dinner parties are much like that. They are part of my job — in the sense that it's important for a prime minister to meet various and representative people in the community — but they're very enjoyable, particularly when we get down to important points of discussion, whether it be on external affairs or business or labor problems or the arts, this is enjoyable.

WE BEGAN OUR FIRST YEAR with a set of priorities. I had spelled them out during the election campaign. I don't want to repeat here the slogans of One Canada and a Just Society but, in substance, they indicated that our priorities were related to the creating of a united country by (a) doing what we could to correct regional disparities and (b) solving the French-English language problem. Another priority was economic growth. Another was peace in the world and our participation in it. In these four areas we have laid the groundwork for progress and we have made real progress.

For instance, in the language area we have reached the consensus we talked about at the last federal-provincial conference. And we have brought a federal language bill into the House. Moreover, I think we've helped the French-speaking Canadian to realize that he is well represented in Ottawa and that he could be even more strongly represented. In other words, he now knows he doesn't have to look to his provincial government as his spokesman in all things. He can have both in the federal system.

On economic matters we have, I believe, begun to fulfill our priorities in that we have brought confidence back to the economy. We faced some tough strikes last summer — the auto strike, the grain-handlers' strike, the Seaway strike — and we've settled them. We've prevented others from happening. And we've done this within the general guidelines, guidelines that have set a limit to uncontrolled inflation, that have restored confidence in the economy, that have reduced the rate of price increase and that have increased productivity per man-hour.

In the fourth area, our place in the world, our contributions to a peaceful and just world society are, I think, best illustrated by the decision we made on NATO, by our reassessment of our foreign policy, by our decision to move to recognize Red China, our new policies concerning South America and Europe and so on. All these are actions that may not be all that original but they just hadn't been done over the past 50, 15 or 20 years. At least we've been able to take these steps and this is gratifying.

WE HAVE BEEN able, I think, to establish in the mind of the public that problems can be solved by government. There is still much criticism of what we do or do not do. I think we were building up, in the early part of the decade to the feeling that the government in Ottawa could do little, that it was the provincial governments that were becoming strong, and that the federal government would never be able to do anything but muddle through. I believe we have re-established confidence in the possibility of governing a great country. Whether we have received plaudits all the time is another matter. What is important is that the feeling of disenchantment with the process of government has passed. It may come from time to time with such and such a decision by the prime minister or his ministers, but that is secondary. If we make the wrong decisions we can correct them, but if the people are disenchanted with parliamentary democracy and with our federal system, this is very serious. It is this disenchantment that I think we have overcome.

When we came to office I was, of course, acutely aware that there were great expectations abroad in the country, despite the fact that during the campaign I did whatever I could to tone them down and to tell the people that we weren't messianists and that we weren't Saint Chaus. It is a fact that we did create great expectations. That is, in part, the cause of the great politi-

his during an election. People are enthusiastic. They want to participate. They create expectations for themselves.

But one thing we didn't do was make promises of a monetary nature. We said we'd try to reform our laws; and so on, but we didn't promise bridges or harbours or ports and all the rest. On the contrary, we said there would be some tough decisions to be taken, and we've taken them. We have made decisions that should have been taken years ago — those related to the post office, for instance. We've made tough decisions in cutting back winter works and in curbing other expenditure programs. I repeat, it is almost incredible that in an election, with all the excitement and the volunteer activity that goes with it, there should be great expectations, but the responsibility of government between elections is to administer the country and not to try to keep expectations at election pitch. I think we've administered fairly well.

If I were to summarize my feelings on my first year in office I would say it has been a year in which I have had the satisfaction of seeing the government gradually take control of the mechanism of politics. There is now the feeling that the machinery is operating well. We have initiated reforms in parliament, making it more efficient under the new rules. We have brought about reforms in the cabinet committee system. We have allocated funds to the Opposition so that they may play their role better. We have restructured the administration by setting up new departments, departments more functionally attuned to the jobs to be done. We have named several new deputy ministers. Beyond that, we have reorganized the machinery of government in general.

Much of this progress, I suppose, is due to the fact that we have a strong mandate from the people. The previous governments were minority governments and there had been a fairly long period during which control could not easily be asserted and where a backlog of business had built up. It was a period during which many basic reforms couldn't be brought in because the Opposition, more than the government, was able to control the kind of priorities that should be established. We have gone from that situation to the present one. We have tackled problems. We have, if I may put it in that way, channelled up the backlog of the past. We have caught up with the process of government.

THE QUESTION OF French-English relations, which has preoccupied Canadians for some years, is, I believe, disappearing in kind and diminishing in scope. I mean by this that a focal point of discontent has now been created through the formation of a separatist political party with René Lévesque and Gilles Gauthier at the head. There is now a focal point for the discontent and, in that sense, it is now possible for people in French

their activities, to concentrate on one movement. In that sense there has been an intensification of the problem, but in terms of the gravity of the situation I would say it has diminished. The very fact that this focal point now exists has identified a lot of the quasi-separatist, quasi-independent feelings that existed all over the map and that expressed themselves in very inordinate ways.

Now that it has become a focal point, the separatist party will have to put up or shut up, and it's not putting up very much. It is being asked how it can solve this problem or at least generally the answer is either they don't know or wait and see.

Is there a viable possibility that Quebec will separate from Canada? That depends on how Canadians conduct their affairs in the future. I am not speaking so much of the federal government — because I think we have shown leadership in this field, it will depend on what the other provinces do, on what all Canadians do to remove the causes of separatism. Nationalism is always produced by some form of dissatisfaction with a regime and, whether it be in Canada or elsewhere, a return from the failure to resolve certain problems, problems that create such sentiments is the desire for separation. I think we are demonstrating at the federal level that we can solve the problems.

But without referring to any specific level of government, we still have some distance to go to destroy the root causes of separatism. However, we are making progress. I think it is an indication of the wisdom and the maturity of the Canadian people generally that there has been no backlash to the excesses in violence of certain Quebec elements in the past several years and in recent months. The Canadian people should remain patient, should be willing to recognize the errors of the past and to accommodate themselves to a bilingual state. I think what we are seeing is very encouraging, and this is why I believe the overall danger is diminishing rather than increasing.

THERE IS ANOTHER regional problem: a disaffection with the east in western Canada, and it is a problem of consequence. It has grown to significant proportions over the past several years. I take some comfort from a recent Gallup Poll that showed that there is probably more confidence in the federal government in the west than in other parts of Canada. Nevertheless, I see it as a problem of great import. If there has been any progress it has been in the past several months.

At the federal-provincial conference in February we heard the specific things the western provinces were saying: the things they demanded and for which they demanded redress. We have applied our minds to these things and are continuing to do so. Committees of the constitutional conference have begun to discuss the solutions to the problems they raised related to what we should do with the spending power and the taxing power; and so on. I have had meetings with some western provinces in which we sat down and said: let's try to delineate the problems and see what the lines of the solution may be. Insofar as the federal government is con-

cerned, it wouldn't say that the discontents in the west is receding, but I am saying that it is becoming more clearly articulated and therefore more subject to solutions.

INsofar as the procedure of constitutional review is concerned, the next move is up to the provinces. We have put to them certain schemes for limiting the federal spending power, certain rules of the game that we would spell out and to which we would seek constitutional agreement. At the federal-provincial conference in February we were able for the first time to come to grips, not with the solution, but with the problem.

Until now many of the governments in Canada — indeed, much of the electorate — have taken the line that the federal government has too much, let her give more to the provinces and everything will be solved. I think we've been able to demonstrate that it's not as simple as that. Expenditures of all governments of Canada have been growing faster than revenues; therefore, the federal government cannot solve this problem by just giving more money to the provinces. It needs more money, too. We have begun to come to grips with the problem in this area and we are now in the process of trying to control or de-escalate the speed of the increase in expenditures.

As for our enhancement of language rights, I have to be optimistic. If I didn't believe in the realization of such goals, I don't suppose I'd be able to stay in this job because my conception of federalism includes the achievement of such goals. If I felt they were not possible, I doubt that I could be like Stephen and ultimately try to roll my neck up to the top of the hill!

I am optimistic and I do think that progress was made over the past year. You merely have to count the number of provinces that have made very definite progress in terms of increased protection for the French language in the schools and in recognizing the two official languages in the legislatures. Six governments of 11 now recognize both French and English as the official languages of their legislatures.

There has been a tremendous increase in the enforcement of federal civil services in bilingual, in French countries.

I am optimistic. We are moving and I think we are moving relatively fast. It's a job we started so late in our history.

THE MORE or less Opposition is an important one and I do not wish to embark on a judgment of their performance, I'd rather leave that to the Canadian electorate. I do think, however, that it is now more important than ever for the Opposition to present realistic alternatives, especially on fundamental questions. I don't think that at this sophisticated stage in our democracy people conceive of the Opposition as merely a tool with which to lead scandals in the ranks of the government or to level criticism or objections to specific actions. I think the Opposition will more and more be called upon to

suggest alternatives, which means speaking out their own policy rather than merely attacking ours.

The Canadian public is participating in the discussion of many of the major issues. Academics are participating, editorial writers, newspapers and the magazines are arguing for certain courses of action and, I think, more and more the Opposition will also have to state its priorities and its solutions in specific problems.

A kind of game has been going on for a long while in the departments where opposition parties criticize the government for many issues and at the same time call for vastly increased expenditures in various fields. I think this kind of game is gone and done with and it's a good thing.

AS FAR as our hopes for more participatory democracy are concerned, this is, perhaps the area in which we have still the most progress to make. I don't think this government and the parliament have come to grips with the question of how a parliamentary democracy enables given the much greater degree of sophistication, knowledge and information of the electorate today. The proliferation of the media of communication now permits you to know instantly what is happening in all the four corners of the earth to know instantly what is being decided in Ottawa and what the arguments are for it. The electorate is much more sophisticated.

Speaking for our own party the level of members of parliament is higher than it has ever been. The members of parliament are much more organized and more willing to do the job. Cabinet ministers are more informed than they have ever been, the cabinet committee structures permit us to handle a much greater volume of work. Everybody is doing more but parliament is going on much as it has in the past.

To be more specific, we haven't yet found out exactly what the new role of the member of parliament should be. Serving his constituents — fine this has to be done. But the member of parliament now is much more sophisticated and we will have to find ways in which he can participate much more in governmental decisions or in Opposition criticism.

We have done something on this by increasing the role of the parliamentary committee and by forming caucus committees and permitting members of parliament to specialize in various areas, but we have not solved the question of total participation. This involves also a restructuring of the Liberal Party, which we are now working on, and which means a very involved set of mechanisms. It includes any other proposal that permitting the public to be taxed or to be plugged in to any office. We've set up what we call "break-in" or consultative committees, identify a member of the provincial caucus, a member of cabinet and a member of the Liberal Federation meet every week to go over issues, policy decisions and other things and make sure that the input is fed into my office and into cabinet. The mechanisms are there. But it will be some time before the machinery is rolling at high gear.

The increased sophistication of the electorate re-



# “TRUDEAU

also to young people. Marshall McLuhan has helped us all to realize a lot of things in this area, how a child of three or four learns things on television which we learned only when we were 18 or 19. I'm not thinking necessarily of events, I'm thinking of images. They see pictures of fighting and dying. They are aware of wars abroad and great events happening everywhere in the world.

Young people today are much more sophisticated in political terms than we were at their age. This sophistication has led them to want to participate to a much greater degree. I often think the term "drop out" as it is applied to many of our youth is exactly the wrong one. They are not dropping out; they are dropping in on society. They are letting us know they want to have a part in this world and in the decisions that order the world and their destinies.

In the same, I'm very concerned about the role youth will be playing. It is extremely important that those in authority — whether it be in the state or in the university or in the home or in the corporations — dialogue with young people so that the values they are developing for themselves do not develop in isolation but are constantly being tested against the values in which we believe.

I would hope that in this dialogue there will be some acceptance and some rejection of each other's

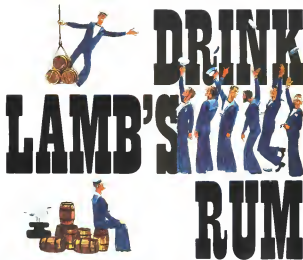
ideas but, at least, there will not be two different worlds, two different sets of values.

Have any relations with the press deteriorated? I would say they have not, although it's possible that relations with me have deteriorated somewhat. There may still be in some members of the press a state of pique over the argument we had in London about, not my private affairs, but the private affairs of people I go out with. I don't think too much remains of that. But perhaps the honeymoon is over in another sense; they have moved from the excitement of the election period to the administrative period, which is one of more dull routine and a long-hand approach to solutions, in that sense, I think the press is less excited about our government than it was in the election period.

I said recently in Toronto that good government doesn't make news. This is, of course, a paradox and like all paradoxes has to be explained. Generally speaking, a good crisis or a good scandal or a division in cabinet with minister resigning or a good fight in parliament makes more news than no strikes or no violence or no resignations of ministers. It doesn't mean that good government is necessarily dull government. Good government is often engaged in solving crises but, more important, in preventing crises from arising. If you prevent a crisis from arising, the people don't see it and there is no news.

If we can set up the machinery to foresee where areas of tension will develop and solve crises before they arise that doesn't make good news but it makes for good government.

...That's the whole purpose of government, to solve problems.



...that's the spirit!





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# TO AN OTTAWA ARISTOCRAT BUILDING YOU A CULTURE PALACE WHAT'S \$46 MILLION?

**T**HE THING THAT ALL these cheapening MPs don't understand, and all the Ottawa taxi drivers who make crude jokes about the place as they drive around Confederation Square, and all the wisecracks like John Diefenbaker, who called it a "Federal Taj Mahal," is that the National Arts Centre is a prototype building, all \$46.4 million of it. Prototype? Fred Labrecque, the architect, uses that word repeatedly. What he means is that when you set out to build a cultural centre that will be a civic centerpiece and a national ornament for the next century or so, it's not the same as building somebody's interchangeable office block. "You see," Labrecque patiently explained last November to the Commons Broadcasting Committee, "it is exactly the same thing as an airplane. Every time you build a new airplane you build a prototype. It does not mean to say that you have never built an airplane previously, but when you build a new one generally it provides you with a little bit of surprise."

Yes, indeed, a little bit of surprise. Lester Pearson, whose cabinet authorized the project in 1963 for a price that was then estimated unofficially at nine million dollars, hasn't quite recovered yet from his surprise and wonderment. "It just... it just got away from us," he told a friend recently in wistful tones. For instance, it cost nearly as much just to build the garage as the original estimate for the entire project. When a committee of musicians and acoustical experts decided it would be wise if the ban of the air-conditioners could be kept to below 25 decibels, it cost an extra three million dollars or so to oblige them. When another committee decided to nearly triple the 175,000 feet of floor space to something more than 10 acres, that too was incorporated into the plans while the hole was being excavated. There are 19 ramp perches in the basement to keep the Rideau Canal from seeping into the 900-car underground garage, a pair of

*At left, National Arts Centre director Gordon Houston-Toussaint and his wife Gae in the Centre's opulent 2,300-seat opera house and concert hall.*

BY ALEXANDER ROSS



In the entire history of cultural subsidy in this country, never have so many millions been spent in the pursuit of one man's conception of excellence."

Millions of dollars is the sum that cost \$25,000 backstage amenities that include 23 dressing rooms, a lounge for musicians and another lounge for actors on elevator stages that can host entire orchestras up and down like the lift continent of Atlanta; and a \$75,000 opera curtain that was stolen in Japan from fiberglass and acrylic fibres. The National Arts Centre has everything but broadcasted cues for the elephants in *Peter the Thaumaturgus* of Ottaviano, a citizen's group that has been providing professional and semi-professional productions in Ottawa for more than a decade, spend \$74,000 on three productions during the 1987-88 season. The most recent spent more than that waterproofing the concrete in the NAC's basement.

But when the National Arts Centre roughly two years behind schedule, long up its fibres pleated curtains for the first time on June 2, it's just amazingly possible that all that expenditure will begin to seem worthwhile. Admittedly, the building is simply magnificent. Technically, it's among the most or there need advanced in the world. Culturally, it's an urgent necessity. Ottawa has spent far too many years watching ballet and symphony performances in the barren, shoe atmosphere of high-school auditoriums. Nationally, it should provide a festival showcase for the best productions that Canada's two cultures are capable of producing.

Sociologically it's quite a story, too. For the Greeks from its original conception to its current state of vigorous practice to the day-to-day management that will determine whether it becomes a showpiece or a museum, is the responsibility of one man — an Ottawa resident and

emphatic exponent named Gordon Hamilton Southern, a man who took aside all criticism of the Centre's \$46-million price tag with the implicit, and almost unanswerable, argument that anybody talks price, price, price on this thing. Why doesn't somebody talk value? In the entire history of cultural subsidy in this country, never have so many millions been spent in the pursuit of one man's conception of excellence.

In 1950 Southern who after his return to Ottawa in 1962 from a three-year diplomatic stint in Poland, formed the National Capital Arts Alliance, which urged the government to hold an exhibit in Ottawa in a Centennial project. It was Southern who took a leave of absence from External to co-ordinate the project after the government approved it in principle in 1965. It was Southern and his friend Maurice Lévesque, then Secretary of State, who helped draft the National Arts Centre Act. A 1966 act of parliament that established the Centre's legislative framework. It was Southern who argued, in the delicate political atmosphere of the 1960s, that the Centre's "raison d'être" was not official, that "the government should be given to artistic excellence in preference to economic considerations," and made it stick. And it was Southern who was named director-general of the Centre, a citizen's group that has been providing professional and semi-professional productions in Ottawa for more than a decade, spend \$74,000 on three productions during the 1987-88 season. The most recent spent more than that waterproofing the concrete in the NAC's basement.

But when the National Arts Centre roughly two years behind schedule, long up its fibres pleated curtains for the first time on June 2, it's just amazingly possible that all that expenditure will begin to seem worthwhile. Admittedly, the building is simply magnificent. Technically, it's among the most or there need advanced in the world. Culturally, it's an urgent necessity. Ottawa has spent far too many years watching ballet and symphony performances in the barren, shoe atmosphere of high-school auditoriums. Nationally, it should provide a festival showcase for the best productions that Canada's two cultures are capable of producing.

Sociologically it's quite a story, too. For the Greeks from its original conception to its current state of vigorous practice to the day-to-day management that will determine whether it becomes a showpiece or a museum, is the responsibility of one man — an Ottawa resident and

emphatic exponent named Gordon Hamilton Southern, a man who took aside all criticism of the Centre's \$46-million price tag with the implicit, and almost unanswerable, argument that anybody talks price, price, price on this thing. Why doesn't somebody talk value? In the entire history of cultural subsidy in this country, never have so many millions been spent in the pursuit of one man's conception of excellence.

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After Albany, five years at University of Toronto's Trinity College, the native speaker with broadened, second and third world perspectives, and many underpinnings were not too and knew the words to the *Internationale*. Southern had roots, indeed. Trinity's Victorian-Gothic facade, and says a chief executive of the Crown company that will run the Centre, and who will be most deserving of all the praise and blame it will attract.

As for any other Canadian city, the Centre is an act of faith. A production would have to be a cultural presence, a born political, a dollar and cent man, a flourish of browns and their wares, a broker of talent and money, a Mayor Meo or a John Fisher. But this is Ottawa. The local Mideas happened to be the federal government, not private industry, so something different was required: a reliable person, which in Ottawa means someone who is known and known in everybody who matters, a discreet person, which in Ottawa means someone who can negotiate with variety and style, preferably without the messy intervention of the press. Above all, the project needed an someone someone who could do the job quickly and without apparent effort. There are still underpinnings at Oxford who around examination time like to be seen in the Bodleian Library working out Shakespearean overtones. They don't do it like friends in the privacy of their own rooms, but the external image must always be one of laugher and unconcern. This posture of effortless competence which Orville has been teaching for cen-

turies, is highly prized in Ottawa. Enter Hamilton Southern, a public servant in the aristocratic tradition of the Schenckels of Boston or the Meneses of Toronto and one of the classicists of the 19th century. Alexander McQueen of the Southern, Grandson of the founder of the newspaper publishing group, son of Wilson Mills Southern, late publisher of the *Ottawa Citizen*. Now sits on board of Southern Press Limited, reputedly holds 80,000 shares, worth \$4.8 million at current market prices. Enlightened. Born in Rockfield, Ontario, had many Attended's Father's College. Rockfield's answer to the University of Toronto, a boarding school from other class disappearances (the name school) he was known as "Southern Thom". Had bit parts in school productions of *The Merchant of Venice* and *Macbeth* in which, according to the school magazine, he "spoke well and earned himself fairly."

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The Stratford Theatre Company will use the Centre as its home base during the winter. A resident French company called La Capricieuse is also being formed and the Centre is developing a resident 45-piece orchestra under Canadian-born Mario Bernardi, who left his post as musical director of London's Sadler's Wells Opera to join the NAC. Bernardi is one of a half-dozen well-known artists who are expected to reach about 30 when the Centre is in full operation. Many of them are former Expo 67 employees, indicating that it may now be possible to build a lifetime career in the subsidised-entertainment business.

Scottson thinks the Centre will need \$2.5 million a year in federal subsidies, and says he has a guarantee for this amount, rising by roughly five percent each year. The two-week opening festival alone (with much additional work that includes the National Ballet, the Montreal Symphony and La Trinité de Nouvelle Monde) is budgeted for a \$500,000 deficit. Already there have been rumours that the NAC, at its current rate of annual losses, could duplicate the grisly experience of Atlanta, Georgia, where the new cultural centre closed after several months because of a lack of operating funds.

At this stage no one knows how it will turn out. Stratford's director, John Hirsch, is concerned that the NAC could become an exclusively middle-class bubble, at a private dinner at the Robson Club to mark the signing of the contract between Stratford and the NAC he delivered a scold-inches speech to this effect. It was not well received by the cultural boosters who heard it. Anti-broader Bruno Gussner commented: "A middle-class place. No help. No guts." An Ottawa columnist once named John McCann, however, is exasperated. He owns five theatres, including one in deep-water Toronto and he's formed a society dedicated to encouraging Ottawans to drop for the theatre. The Centre he feels will advance his cause.

"Look," says John Hirsch "let's indulge in a little reality-therapy. Maybe it's too much desire and maybe there are infinite ways of speaking all that money but the point is the Centre is there. So what are we going to do with it?"

Only time, and G. Hamilton Scottson, can tell. In the meantime there's no point in winning the contest—while, on a per-capita-cost basis, is considerably less than comparable centres in the U.S. Today he's regarded as a federal speed-dialer. Tomorrow he'll be remembered, gratefully as a visionary. □



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## ANOTHER KIND OF EXPLOSION IN QUEBEC



Some of the faces of Quebec's talent explosion. Top: celebrated expatriate Monique Leyrac at Le Privé. Left: Claude Daoust, a separatist whose lyrics excite islanders; below: folk singer Tex Lacer. Right: Louise Forestier at Place des Arts. Opposite page: Robert Charlebois, whose bilingualism Lindbergh is a hit in four count-ins—but not English Canada.



LEZARD



Who is  
Ginette Reno?  
Robert Charlebois?  
Louise Forestier?  
Georges Dor? Next to  
unknown in English  
Canada, they're  
among the biggest  
singing-recording stars  
in the country today.  
Vive la différence!

BY JON RUDDY  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
MICHEL MONTELLI

LE CAFÉ DES ARTISTES on Dorchester Street is a pretty ordinary Montreal bar and restaurant: that is to say, there is nothing at all like it in English Canada. They have a fireplace in there with a log fire going. The food, if you want to eat, is cheap and good. The woman behind the bar has a warm face, like your mother's, and when you have finished your drink you can be sure that a waiter is not going to shamble over and grab your glass as if it were incriminating evidence. There is a lot of wandering from table to table.

I am sitting with Tex Lacer, who currently is one of the two or three most popular entertainers in Quebec, Charrel Renaud, the lovely chansonnier who is on our cover, André Dufresne of the Contreux Foundation for the Performing Arts, Pascal Lévesque, who writes for *Écho des Québecs*, an incredible showbiz tabloid that I will get to later, a couple of secretaries from Radio-Canada, which is next door, a few other people. Mike Renaud looks hauntingly susceptible to chest colds in a red-Hotter mini unbuttoned at the throat. Tex is a big, scuffed folk singer who smokes, in a green, not yellow and orange plaid jacket. Most Troubadours covered with wild flowers. He is telling us about his old acquaintance, Pierre Trudeau. Their relationship succinctly expresses the special status of *le monde de spectacle* in Quebec.

"He is a smart fox, that Trudeau," says Tex, in English for my benefit. "I used to drink with him at The Staro Hut. The last time I saw him was on St. Jean-Baptiste Day. I was one of the celebrities in open cans. When we went past the reviewing stand I thanked my nose at him. Later we were invited to a big cocktail party, and I so soon got in the door than a couple of Ministers came up and told me I would have to be searched. They knew damned well I am very revolutionary as far as Quebec is concerned. They kept talking to me in English, which made me boil. Things were getting bad, when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Trudeau. 'What's going on?' he said. I told him what these Ministers were doing and he turned to them and said, 'If you can't speak French, stay in the background. It's their day.'"

It still is. The earlier flowering of Quebec nationalism is nothing new, nor is the ambivalence felt and expressed toward federal symbols and emblems. What is new is a surging pride and confidence, a power both artistic and political. And you know that, if the bad day comes, Tex Lacer will be there at the head of the crowd with a strange flag in his hand. The chansonniers of the new Quebec, most though not all of these separatists, are folk heroes in a way that is hard for an English-speaking Canadian to grasp. Eventually, I should say, you have to conclude that their status is justified artistically, and that their lack of national recognition is sad in a country that has

never found brighter stars than Wayne and Shooter.

I went to Quebec with some fond memories of Expo and a scorpion of WASPish resentment — you need us, I might have said, more than you need us, and who the hell is Praline Bégin, anyway? — and came home owning a school system that could not teach me French. Mostly, I regretted not being able to appreciate the nuances of some lyrics by Georges Dér, an artist I had never heard of before. He is one of the great ones, this man Dér. Craggy-faced, with a Caesar haircut and a voice as expressive as Sinatra's, he sings his own songs about love. "I write them in the manner of my natural state," he says, but I doubt that they could be written in English. Dér was a news producer at Radio-Canada for 10 years. His life changed as a precise moment in time: January 5, 1967, that being the release date of his first album. One of the songs on it, *La Mure*, was described by critics as the most beautiful ever composed in Quebec. I am here to tell you that it is the most beautiful song ever composed in Canada.

Dér describes himself as a poet — there are a lot of self-conscious poets, these days, in Quebec — and does not seem to take his career as a singer very seriously. "I hope the singing will bring me back to pure literature," he says. *La Mure* is short for *Muséographe*, use of a remote hydro-dam complex. "When I was working at Bertha, where they built another big dam, I wrote a few love letters for workers who couldn't do it themselves. It gave me the idea for the song." He has tried to translate a few in English recording, but senses the unreproducibility of that. The single has sold more than 80,000 copies in Quebec and was at the top of the hit parade for a long time. It is the sort of thing that teenagers listen to in Trois-

Rivières while our kids get wiped out by the Jig Pink Man in the last verse.

*Si tu susses comment on s'ennuie*

If you knew how lonely it is

*À la Mure*

Up at Mure

*Tu m'écrits hier plus souvent*

You would write to me much more often

*À la Muséographe*

Up at Muséographe

*Y'a pas grand chose à me dire*

If you have nothing much to say

*Écris-moi tout ce que tu penses*

Write a hundred times the words I love you

*Ce sera le plus beau des poèmes*

It will be the most beautiful of poems

*À la Mure*

I will read it a hundred times

*C'est ton nom que j'ai mis dans mon cœur*

One hundred times is not too much

*Pour tout ce que j'ai écrit*

For those who love me another

When I was a kid the only French-Canadian singer known in English Canada was Félix Leclerc. He used to sing on CBC radio. Oh, it was a long time ago. He got to be very big in Quebec and presently he moved to Frigate, a posier later followed by Monique Leyre and a few others. Meanwhile, in 1959, a commercial artist named Gilles Mathieu opened *La Barbe à Mathieu* in a village called Val-David in the Laurentians 50 miles north of Montreal. What he did, basically, was put a lot of raucous chairs and tables and ferns on a site in a beautifully weathered old barn. Some young people hardly anybody had heard of — Claude Gauthier, Christine Chabosse, Raymond

Champoux, Gilles Vigneault, Claude Lévesque, Pauline Julien — started arriving on Saturday nights to sing their own compositions, usually accompanying themselves on guitar. They called themselves *chansonniers*, a noun that means political satirists in France, and they called Mathieu's place a *balloir à chanson*, a new word (*balloir* meaning more or less, song box).

*La Barbe* was soon drawing swarms of teenagers, who had been listening mostly to U.S. pop tunes, sometimes crudely translated. They would come roaring up Route 11 from Montreal in these incredible old trucks, chopped and channelled 1947 Hudsons and God knows what all. The villagers didn't know what was going on. Years later when *La Barbe* was in operation and a major attraction they called Mathieu with singing what is now known locally as *le dévot*. But in 1959 and 1960 not even Mathieu realized that he had launched a movement. The automobile preferably owns its own bit of paper if necessary, was youth's glimmer symbol of the Fifties, in Quebec as anywhere else. Thousands of cars and their girl friends were looking around the countryside looking for some kind of action. *La Barbe* represented not only a good place to go but a land of liberation from what was still a U.S.-dominated pop-music scene. Records from France had been coming in free but the whole young Québécois were plugged into U.S. rock and folk sounds. The *chansonniers* made them look inward and their world shrank. One persistent and unpublished secret was that a lot of them stopped learning English.

The folk would join the place, clouching on the four-lashed chairs or on a lot of old sofa cushions on raised platforms along the sides. What was immediately noticeable about them was how attentive

they were when the *chansonniers* were working. There was some poetry reading, too, and folklore, most of it relating directly to Quebec customs and aspirations. Some of the lyrics were fervently nationalist in the Québécois sense. *Les Anglais* ignored the whole phenomenon, generally. "The English papers in Montreal have never had a story about *La Barbe*," says Gilles Mathieu, with an expressive Gault shrug.

This *balloir à chanson* movement built up a terrific following in Quebec in the middle Sixties. At one time there were about 40 different places in and around the bigger towns, most of them not licensed to serve alcohol, all of them dedicated to narrowly provincial self-expression. The rest of the country was put down in such lyrics as those, by Raymond Lévesque:

*Quand j'étais en Ontario*

When I was in Ontario

*Où je coupais du bonbon*

Where I was cutting brick

*Je travaillais avec lui*

I worked with him

*Que les Anglais, les québécois*

As the English, the so-and-so's

*Puis on s'est fait des amis*

Then one day I found out

*Qu'ils sont les mêmes*

That for the same reason of work

*On se parle mieux*

They find me less than the others

*Pis on s'ennuie comme du bétail*

And I was treated like an animal

*C'est alors que j'ai compris*

That is when I understood

*Qu'ils sont les mêmes*

That Quebec is my country



Left: Tony Romeo, a 26-year-old Montrealer, who wants to crack the international record market by "breaking the shackles of language." Above: Georges Prudent Jack Lacroix, whose records are stacked behind the Polish and Chinese songs in Toronto Right, chansonnier Christine Chabosseau



Left: Quebec's top TV star, Denise Filiatrault. Dominique Michel. Above: Claude Lévesque. French Canada's answer to Rich Little. Famous for his impersonations of Trudeau, Le grand Charley and the Anglo-French of Robert Stodard. At right, award-winning Yves Deschamps, a Canadian chansonnier





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On your eye, the lens is coupled to the light meter so the diaphragm stays open and the viewfinder stays bright until you shoot. You'll see the light with the unique Minolta SR-T 101 through-the-lens "VCL" exposure meter; our contrast light compensator that reads the whole picture and then compensates to make sure you can see

what's hiding in the shadows.

Look through an SR-T 101. You can get your hands on one with your choice of 1/135, 1/144 or 1/125 normal lens at only good camera shop prices.

For more information and literature on the Minolta system, write: *Amelco Ltd., Consumer Products Div., (Dept. M), 140 Gowerline Street, Montreal, PQ, H3G 1G9.*



SR-T 101 by Minolta.

The smaller *belles* a chance to shine and faded like so many fanlies. The most popular characters either proved themselves out of the market — they now appear, for example at La Comédie Consueite in Montreal — or on the CBC's French network — or, following the latest trends in Quebec pop music, they demanded sophisticated sound equipment and backup groups. (This demotion, which took its toll on the Mouvement Siret Sound.) La Belle and a more recent Montreal diva called La Poitrine are still thriving however.

Le Poitrine is a dandy lighted zone over a tavern on St. Catherine Street East. There are 15 seats all over the place. The bathroom doors are marked "Quelques" and "Quelques." I am having a drink with the manager, Yves Blais. "You don't speak French," he starts off by saying. But that is all right because you are from Quebec, which is another language. I will speak English with you. But I have no French accent. I have a post-nasal accent. Blais volunteers the obvious — that he is a separatist. "I'm glad to be I don't care. I refused to accept a Canada Central grant of \$5,000. But I was willing to do with my show." English-speaking people he says make up about 10 percent of his audience. He does not care in French though. "We wouldn't have LightFoot here. Nobody would come. You have your own place. The *belles* a chance was provided for the Quebecois culture. We wanted to have a place in which to do the things we have in our hearts. When La Poitrine opened in 1985 he says, "25 officers of police attended the first show. The name you see was dynamite. For three years we kept covering the English papers. They never come." And Yves Blais hereby all is aware that somebody has told me he is comparable to Rich Little. "Yes I think so," he says. "But I have never heard Richard Little. (This reminds me that nobody has told me to be honest he has heard of Richard Little, who lives there.) I think he does a voice impression of English Canadians trying to speak French. Actually Richard Little's first attempt — a cartoon in Quebec — is to learn English and work in the rest of Canada and the U.S. He will make it. On a recent radio show he impersonated Trudeau so effectively that three newspapers and two radio stations phoned the station to find out what was going on.

One of the predatory Montreal tabloids devoted to it, shouting: get on to this story and how it up like a pig. Reader Little's fame took

as back and tell them to get out. "An exaggeration maybe, but you can't prove it by the way. Le Poitrine is the first place I saw La Poitrine in 19 years. I left some at 15 years. I left that lighting a cigarette is disruptive. The audience of about 300, most of them in their 20s and 30s, would punch anybody in the nose who did not sign up. I was doing a show. But I don't have to rescue Monique Luyckx's performance because she has appeared all over the place. Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Stratford, Cornwall, Hamilton, New York and New York. I saw her in New York. And the Olympics in Paris.

I go and talk to her in her dressing room. She is a star. She is Mlle Luyckx, and so I tell her the French-English business and the action. She is wearing a dressing gown. Her hair is up in curlers. She is chewing bubble gum like mad and she has a funny stare to her in when you ask a tricky question. I remark on the attentiveness of the actress. She is the funny story. It is the way all audiences react to Monique Luyckx. Mlle Luyckx herself says that she is not used to "those in the place." She is used to Pointe du Lac. But she wanted to sing some of her songs. Who are the songs? To France? "I don't want to appear in French," she says. "But if I stayed here they would forget about me after two or three years. If you disappear and then come back it's okay. But each time I return I wonder if they will come."

Before her second show I go to talking with Claude Landry, a French-language radio and television star. Landry is the president of the president. He now goes, Franco-chic-like when he takes off De Gaulle and he sounds more like Pierre Trudeau in French than Max Fillion does in English. I ask him that somebody has told me he is comparable to Rich Little. "Yes I think so," he says. "But I have never heard Richard Little. (This reminds me that nobody has told me to be honest he has heard of Richard Little, who lives there.) I think he does a voice impression of English Canadians trying to speak French. Actually Richard Little's first attempt — a cartoon in Quebec — is to learn English and work in the rest of Canada and the U.S. He will make it. On a recent radio show he impersonated Trudeau so effectively that three newspapers and two radio stations phoned the station to find out what was going on.

One of the predatory Montreal tabloids devoted to it, shouting: get on to this story and how it up like a pig. Reader Little's fame took

a quantum jump. This press I am talking about is a *fantasme* medium nobody in English Canada seems to be aware of. *Projet* magazine, which *Echos* follows is a bit weekly that sells 115,000 copies at 25 cents each on newsstands all over the province. A firm called Publications Plebiscite has been the agent for *Projet*, *Radio-Canada* and *Photo Plebiscite*. La Presse has started publishing an event called *Sport* and there are some other papers around that are showing interest in the event. But *Projet*'s threatened resignation says it was pulled off page one by some such scare headline as, *TER question d'effacement à Canada*. This accompanied by a three-column ad at Les Laurents saying to the effect that it is a big board *EXCELSIOR* in people risk exploding on top of it.

Andre Robert, the editor of *Echos* Plebiscite, is telling me how he was the publisher until February 18. I said it is a business and the *Silence* says he says. He started the paper six years ago "with usually one news" So full-time reporters close the *radio* for stories, newspaper staff but never *radio* staff. Robert says I agree but why there in the *Silence* says he says. He says. "But I am not interested in the Wayne and Shuster."

The Quebec weekly also specializes in an interesting event whose captures and keeps them all over the place. For example, Andre Robert is as much a TV celebrity as an editor. He appears on three *Télé-Montreal* series every week. When I was here for lunch at a place called Chaz George he was already in the air. In an interview with Johnny Hallyday, a rock singer from France. Two of the paper's reporters, Francis Landry, who appears to do all of his research at La Presse des Arts and Pierre Tremblay, a recent critic, are featured regularly on other shows. Quebec personalities and performers dominate French-language television with the exception of the CBC's French network since television has been a word of locally produced programming a total that includes six of the 10 most popular shows. Montreal producers, considerably more French-language programming per week, than Paris. Variety entertainment, which in English Canada some times seems to consist of just one of Charles Chazalier's singing *The Old* and *The New* continues in French in Quebec. One news item says that a *belles* who picked up a big following in the *belles* found itself television exposure. They took to touring the province at television stars, pulling in advertising contracts comprising all day





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The distinctive sack marks the superb sherry whose unique, nutty flavour over ice makes it one of the world's classic pre-lunch or dinner drinks—Try it.

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B-12

group from *Jeepers* to *Matinee*. *Le showbiz* is very big biz. Patrice Thériault tells me that Echoes Publisher has just uncovered the fact that Danyse Félizola and Dominique Nadeau, stars of a Radio-Canada comedy series called *Mrs. et l'Autre*, have signed renewal contracts that will bring them \$100,000 a year each (The story was later printed, though the figure was dated.) The French language movie industry has taken off in the last few years in the past winter, in a market of 5.5 million, as *Les révérends* have sold more than 100,000 copies each. The most popular Quebec entertainers — Gaston Réves, a shrewd point-frend gal with a great big beautiful voice in the one I saw there, but there are plenty of other examples, notably a group called Les Cygniques — can sell out the 1,275-seat Comédie-Conservatoire without first making it big in France, the Gallic equivalent of the Toronto-Hollywood pilgrimage to *Nordest*! Only the nightclubs have been doing badly since Expo. Two of them, *Café de l'Est* and *Casa Loma*, are still parking them in, however.

Napoleonic self-discipline is required in Quebec not to overemphasize one aspect of the scene and to baffle with Yves Fassin and the rest; that is the number of girls who are beautiful in the most outrageous way, and who are endowed not only with slinky knees and teen-like morning glories but with talent and brains. I wasn't in Montreal five minutes before a lot of people — as the St. Vrain Church di Pubs, I think it was — were having great night and comparing up *Myriam* visions for my benefit about three of them, though it could have been a dozen.

At Chateau Regard, Louise Forestier, Christine Charbonneau, Mlle Kausal is a writer/producer/producer/TV hostess for godfakes who first novel was lost by Art Canada because New York and Montreal and who went to Paris "because we must go, like salmon, you know?" She writes songs about love, has her stories published in the French *Collection* and has a voice like a banshee blowing through repressant. Louise Forestier, singing at Place des Arts as a counterpart to monologues by Yvon Deschamps, is throaty, pensive, with big dark eyes. After the show she puts on her glasses, dark and sexy. "Glory in a fancy feeling. You must laugh at it very much or it will kill you. Here in Quebec it comes so easily because we are all moments touched by art. My intention is to be cool in this business." Christine Charbonneau has long wavy hair and a voice a little like Streisand's. Her fanciful songs have never made the hit parade. "It is continued on page 45

# 1969 Buick Wildcat.



## Expect a sharp increase in talk about Buicks from now on.

Buick sales are "way up" in 1969. That means there are a lot more Buick owners around. And since Buick owners like to talk about their cars, you can expect to be hearing more and more about Buicks.

Owners of Buick Wildcats—like the sport coupe shown above—will tell you about Buick's great road

gear. The Buick that loves to stretch its legs and cover hundreds of miles in a day. Without tiring.

They'll also talk about Wildcat's standard 430-cubic-inch V8 with 360 horsepower, and the new front suspension system which provides greater stability without losing Buick's traditional riding comfort, and the

brand new upper level ventilation system which keeps the car comfortable while doing away with the vent windows. And lots of other great things.

If you don't just happen to have a Buick owner to talk to at the moment, visit your Buick dealer. He'll introduce you to one or fill you in himself.

**Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?**



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68-61



How can you feel you're home in Glasgow, hugging your mother, laughing with father, hearing Sandy's bark, getting the local news and being part of the family again?

via Overseas Phone—the next best thing to being there. Reach almost anywhere in the world. Free only after 9:30 to 11:00 p.m. (EST) 19-26 to France and Italy 11-22 to Australia from anywhere in Canada. Near Telephone Company switch you through facilities of Canadian Overseas Telecommunication Corporation.

not important for me. I would like to be famous one day, but I'm a little bit afraid of people putting words in my mouth. Also, I am not a poker woman. Is that what you say? I would like to sing in English Canada, but you can't do that! I don't do two songs or less in Toronto once, and people don't even look at you.

Why is that? I wonder! So does Jack Lazzari, president of Gemini, one of the hottest Quebec record producers currently. He imports English lyrics translations in most of his LPs in high hopes. "But they won't listen to us," he says. In Toronto the record starts under two copies and put them behind the Polish and Chinese songs. English Canada won't do anything but follow the U.S. Lazzari thinks that one of his artists, Robert Charlebois, may break through the Pea Soup Curtain, if only because Charlebois' Dylanesque "Imp song, *Louise*", is being released in the States. The song is too sexy not to be clear even in French and is selling like mad in Italy and Mexico among other places. A lot of little seeds in Quebec have already been sown by the success of Lazzari's Tony Roman, for example. Roman is a 26-year-old temper-tamed-tycoon, the manager of a label called Canada. He has vague plans to crack the English-speaking and international markets by breaking the discipline of language. "Maybe there won't be any lyrics at all," he says, "or maybe a universal language. Maybe just beautiful sounds." And Tony Roman reflexively figners the hair on his chest in the cleavage of his black-flee shirt.

Up at La Belle Mathère, Robert Charlebois does a show before leaving for Paris and the Olympics with Locomotive. Charlebois — he has puffs out in three night singlets. His lyrics are wildly imaginative, personal and perceptive. He yodels, switches to hard rock, whines, sounds like Dylan, breaks into a falsetto and shuffles around in his lumberman's boots like something dropped out of the *Backstreets* Carol. The odd thing is that it is totally involving. I remember what Jack Paar said to the *Smothers* Brothers: "I don't know what it is you're got but whatever it is nobody is going to take it away from you."

On my last night in Quebec, Charlebois, Colin Minkine and I and some other people drink beer until sunrise in a small hotel somewhere in the Laurentians. Charlebois is drinking beer and talking jazz. I ask him if it bothers him that the English-language disc jockeys in Montreal aren't playing *Louise* or any of his other songs. "Yeah, a little bit," he says. But sometimes they play there in the middle of the night. □

# The nose knows



A good dry gin isn't perfume. And a good dry gin should be as kind to the nose as it is to the taste. Ranchman's Dry is.

As a matter of fact, distilling Ranchman's the way we do, to a true London formula, about the only difference between us and an English import, is that Ranchman's hasn't cost you an expensive ocean voyage.

First, take a sniff of Ranchman's Dry. (We don't think you'll stop there.)

**Ranchman's very very dry!**

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## GRAND PRIZE

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## 2nd PRIZE

Figure 10: *Example 10.1* (b). Here a color image is not used by the proposed method.



4th  
PRIZE

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### 5th PRIZE

to meet customers' needs. The company's success is based on its ability to provide a wide range of products and services, including:



### 3rd PRIZE

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at the State Printing Office, Albany, 1900.



Yes, there's your opportunity to make a Mother's Day or Father's Day wish come true! Enter the One Hour Wish Contest. Mail in two letters, a drawing and win a pair of unique Keweenaw Girl sports caps. Or win one of over a thousand other prizes. You don't have to buy anything. Just visit your nearby One Hour WishMarting Dry Cleaning - get the details and an entry form. The Keweenaw Girl is June 27, 1992. Wisconsin residents may enter by printing their e-mail address on a 3 x 5 piece of paper and mailing to: March, P.O. Box 269, New York, N.Y. 10046. Void where prohibited by law. CANADIAN ENTRANTS in order to win must correctly answer a 180-second question.

ONE HOUR  
"MARTINIZING"  
THE MOST IN DRY CLEANING

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# Blenders of fine cigarettes through six reigns

It all began in a 956-kt London shop in 1890. Here, publicly working at a bench in the window, young Louis Rothmans brought to the cigarette trade his singular skills and experience in the hand-blending of fine cigarettes. Louis Rothmans could judge tobacco blindfolded, by

as scents and aromas alone, and soon freed his progress in Pall Mall, he was counting among his regular customers the crowned heads of Europe, the knights of the stage and the magnates of commerce. Louis Rothmans had his own ideas and his own ideas on how to achieve them. His

objective was perfection – and nothing less. Standards he set were permanently ingrained on the Rothmans family business when it became a public company with Sydney Rothmans, son of the founder, as its Chairman. Today, the Rothmans Group is a world-wide partnership of companies acknowledged as the most dynamic influence in post-war cigarette history.



"The best tobacco money can buy." In these six words is compressed an entire philosophy of cigarette manufacture. As Louis Rothmans did in 1890, Rothmans, for all their technical resources, pride themselves on being tobacco men, first and foremost – tobacco men who can judge quality by sight and touch and subtle intricacies of aroma. A quality cigarette is a cigarette made from quality tobacco and at the world's tobacco auction, Rothmans pay top prices to get that tobacco – the best that money can buy.



Quality is also a composite of many virtues, many vigils.

The end objective is perfection in all things – standards that employ advanced and elaborate technical systems of control to maintain product quality at the highest level and are the most advanced research techniques for the continuous betterment of the product. The innovation and improvements that the Rothmans Group initiated and applied, have made cigarette history and changed the smoking habits of the world.

In 1932, using mechanized processes re-designed and rebuilt by its engineers especially for the purpose, the Rothmans Group manufactured the first King Size filter cigarette the world. Today, as for many years past, Rothmans is by far the world's largest selling – most wanted – King Size Virginia cigarette. Apart from this major breakthrough the Rothmans Group can claim such notable "firsts" in the industry as

the pioneering, at the turn of the century, of the world's first mentholated cigarette, *Conquer*.

the introduction, in 1938, of the world's first King Size 48 mm cigarette

the invention of the world's first King Size Multiple Filter cigarette in 1955

the introduction of the world's first Luxury Length Virginia Filter cigarette in 1960.

Behind the spectacular growth recorded by the Group is the Rothmans policy and practice of industrial partnership. In specific terms this means that

the Group establishes its operations in a country as the basis of partnership, that the inhabitants of the country are given the opportunity of acquiring at least half of the shareholding, that the Chairman and the majority of Board Members are citizens of that country, and that profits are shared equally.



What is moreover achieved is a multi-national partnership of technical, research and administrative resources, a common pool of knowledge and techniques shared by 48 modern factories in 23 countries on 6 continents.

Rothmans cigarettes are sold today in over 160 countries on more than 100 airlines and 130 shipping lines. More than sixty per cent of Britain's export cigarettes emanate from the Rothmans Group, who produce internationally one out of every twenty cigarettes sold in the entire Free World.

None of this was achieved by tradition alone. But in the technological world of today, Rothmans of Pall Mall stand firmly on a cornerstone of tradition and a code of standards – that quality and quality alone can lead the world. Precisely the standards that the House of Rothmans was founded on more than three quarters of a century ago.



Every day, from Pall Mall through the West End of London, Rothmans still deliver their world-famous cigarettes in select Clubs and Andersons by coach and footman. This time-honoured custom is a tradition of the House of Rothmans of Pall Mall.

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PLEASE INDICATE AMOUNT  
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FEB	<input type="checkbox"/>	AUG	<input type="checkbox"/>
MARCH	<input type="checkbox"/>	SEPT	<input type="checkbox"/>
APRIL	<input type="checkbox"/>	OCT	<input type="checkbox"/>
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CHEQUE ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐

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It's easy to do. Just clip the coupon and send it in with \$2 to the City of Montreal Voluntary Tax.

That makes you eligible to win one of 150 monthly prizes. The grand prize of \$100,000. Or maybe \$10,000, \$5,000, \$1,000, \$500 or \$250.

All in silver ingots.

Enter today. Because everyone has to win every month. And there's no reason why it shouldn't be you.

1. Fill in the coupon, or print the information clearly on a piece of paper.
2. Enclose your cheque or money order for \$2 per entry payable to the City of Montreal. Send us as many \$2 entries as you want, indicating the month

in which you wish to participate on each entry.

3. Entries must be received no later than the last day of each participating calendar month. The City of Montreal will mail an official receipt to every entrant.

4. In the Province of Quebec, rent banks, Casinos populaires and Credit Unions accept your entries, too.

Entries are sent to the City of Montreal Monthly Voluntary Tax. Selection of the 150 winners for the upcoming month is made by the random number drawing. Draw is the month only, and not the day. One entry is made at the month. To enter to receive \$2 in an extra \$200 entry, you must indicate a two-entrance entry by clearly indicating the two months of the month.

Entries are sent to the City of Montreal Monthly Voluntary Tax. Selection of the 150 winners for the upcoming month is made by the random number drawing. Draw is the month only, and not the day. One entry is made at the month. To enter to receive \$2 in an extra \$200 entry, you must indicate a two-entrance entry by clearly indicating the two months of the month.

## "You can't run a business without getting behind the counter once in a while."

— Fred Avis, Avis Rent A Car



Photo: Ken Kneib/Photo Bank

Avis isn't exactly a penny ante operation these days. In fact, it looks as though we're going to be No. 1 in rent a cars before we're very much older.

And even though we're not complaining, we are a bit leery of the whole idea. It's not so much worry about getting too big as it is about getting too big for our britches.

Which is exactly why Avis executives like to stay as close to the counter as they can. It's where trying harder takes place. It's where our Plymouths have to have headlights that light, wipers that wipe, and ashtrays without any ashes.

So if you find the President of Avis filling out your rental form at one of our airport counters, don't be surprised.

With a little practice, he could fill it out almost as fast as our girls.

AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. IS A MEMBER COMPANY OF THE AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. GROUP OF COMPANIES.

# Miranda does it again!

Last year Miranda brought out the hand-crafted 35mm Sensomat that created tremendous enthusiasm in the camera world. It was a single-lens reflex with a CDS behind-the-lens mirror, in-body lens mount for interchangeable lenses, and about a dozen other great features, yet moderately priced.

This year Miranda presents the all new Sensomat. It's machine-crafted, has almost all the features of the Sensomat, including a removable prism that lets you shoot

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THE NEW MIRANDA SENSOMAT

from overhead or low angles, and it's priced \$40 below the Sensomat. It's the world's greatest 35mm camera value, and is so reliable it carries an exclusive 3-year guarantee. Compare it with any other camera at your camera dealer.



If you haven't had a Heineken... where in the world have you been?

If you've been out of touch for awhile — perhaps with your head in the sand — you might order an ordinary beer and miss the tremendous taste of Heineken. The imported beer that's aged naturally by the patient, their

gastric Dutch. And preferred by the discriminating people in Canada and 156 other civilized countries. The Egyptians may have enjoyed beer, but the Dutch have perfected it. Imported Heineken, Holland's Pilsner Beer.

## MAILBAG from page 22

should pack up, start their own on some distant island, and not bring us down to their level.  
MAY, PEARL, NADY, CROFT/LAND BOOK

9. It may turn out that the immigrant vote cast by *The American Who Found His True Foot* were quite mindless and prompted by pure emotion and monetary greed, rather than any deep-seated or profound spirit of wisdom. American professors who have immigrated to Canada should read Padua Jewett's article in the same issue. They will discover that not all Canadians welcome non-Canadian professors. Much in well-off others this, before they turn into prime targets for the "Cumbria, Bursley, Cleeve and other major export centres of American intellect. Your great nation is indeed a marvelous safety valve for the freewill and emigration among our countrymen. For Americans who escape racism, riots, riots" and other disquieting conditions from the reality of Canadian confederates, by anti-American aspects, the demanding position of accepting or even tacitly approving it.  
ALAN R. FLORES, BELL, MONTREAL

### Fast, floppy, tricky

In *Three Days Three Weeks*, you see "A 45-hour Afternoon is a natural learning hour — well, nearly and not too mild to control." The plot isn't so. As Afternoon is not a learning hour, it is a racing dog. And it is in floppy and tricky a hole in you can find. I would certainly not recommend it for a beginner.  
ANDREW E. GARNER, STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

### Liver isn't living

*The Green Mountain Game* was excellent. Vegetarians are not now considered crooks — as we used to be. We are sorry for meat. Margaret Hines and her husband, who have to eat liver for breakfast every day — MRS. MARGARET JACKSON, TORONTO VEGETARIAN ASSOCIATION

### Better TV critics: add one

Douglas Marshall is certainly right about Lee Wadsworth and Bernard Dole being first-rate TV critics — but how did he miss Frank Pines of the *Golden Cane* (*Mus. To City Better TV: Get Better TV Critics: Reviewers*)? I don't always agree with him, but he's a professional, witty and very solid, informed opinion about what was on the air.  
PAUL A. GARDNER, OTTAWA

### Uncle Tom on horseback

I write in the *Wildlife* described by Ben Ytzen in *De Pense of Older Men*. We are now in the process of organizing the largest wildlife in Canada—Uncle Tom's Club Trail Ride — from Indian Head, back to Cook's Creek, 100 miles along the scenic Qu'Appelle Valley, July 19-27. We'll have 200 horses and riders who feel they can't afford to miss this rare chance to experience and stop anywhere.  
TOM HARTMAN, OMAHA, NEB. □



Spalding's Elite Woods and Elite Irons are now made with aluminum shafts. Usually coordinated to give you greater confidence, they are unquestionably the finest set of clubs ever made. See them at your golf professional shop.

Spalding Elite clubs with aluminum shafts.



*Control tower to pilot. Control tower to pilot...*

# ***We're cracking up down here!***



"One of these days, we're going to have the most godawful mid-air collision you ever heard of, and then perhaps people will realize what a mess we're in."

Think about that statement the next time you nestle into an airliner seat and buckle your belt securely across your lap.

The speaker is an air-traffic controller, one of the men responsible for your safety. He is *not* just repeating the now-familiar warning about the traffic jam in our skies. What he's saying is that his job is becoming impossible to perform. That job is to provide your aircraft with a corridor of

safe sky from city to city. Although an airline pilot does the flying, he cannot take off without the approval of the controllers, or turn without their sanction, or fly higher or lower than they instruct, or land without their clearance. The decision a controller makes as to how jet aircraft traffic flows is much more than a bullet head-on at a 45-degree steep on a cool, quiet day and highly sophisticated electronic equipment. But Canada's 1,200 controllers are overworked and underpaid. Too often, the controllers who take so good of it or do-for-it often underpaid, even break down under constant tension, too often, dangerous situations in the air are resolved more by good luck than good management. Too often, the Federal Department of Transport, which is responsible for Air Traffic Control shrugs off the constraints of its critics.

The situation is worsening as our skies grow more crowded and the traffic more complex. Men who already have too much to do will soon have to deal with massive jumbo-jets and supersonic transports, gigantic airlines that will have to be fitted somehow into the teams of slow, single-engine planes, helicopters and other aircraft flocking in overwhelming numbers around every major air terminal in Canada. Each increase in traffic brings an increase in the number of accidents in the air. In 1982 when there were 2,349 registered aircraft in Canada, the Department of Transport recorded 261 accidents and 253 deaths. In 1996 — the last full year for which the department has published figures — there were 8,559 aircraft, 422 accidents and 171 deaths.

To meet the challenges of this primordial Canada needs more controllers, better equipped. And we need them fast. It takes five years to train a man for the task, and 10 years to bring him to peak performance, but there is no sign that the department sees the urgency or has begun to do anything about it.

That is the "mess" the controller spoke of — here are some of the signs of its brewing.

In February an Air Canada jet flew from one end of the country to the other at the wrong altitude, an altitude at which it could have met other traffic, but fortunately did not.

In the same month, two jets passed

it takes 10 years to train an air controller. Air Canada's Douglas Skyliner (right) Canada has 1,200 — too few for safety. But Ottawa grants no more

## Wrong runway! Approaching wrong runway! You're cutting across path of inbound airliner! Pull up! Pull up!



each other 35,000 feet above London. Or so closely that one of them was shaken by the turbulence of the other's passage.

Last August 9 one sector of the sky over southern Ontario became so crowded that the two Toronto controllers assigned to monitor it gave up and asked a Cleveland centre to take over. In Cleveland 15 men were working the same traffic as the two Canadians. At the time I was researching this article three controllers were on sick leave from Canadian airports all according to their colleagues, suffering from nervous breakdowns brought on by their jobs. This is not a pleasant thing to be happening. "There is usually nothing dramatic," a controller told me. "You just see a guy begin to back away and back away from his job."

We had one guy who could see just beyond the horizon of his radar screen and you could tell it was getting to him. After a while he began to have stomach troubles — ulcers. Then he began to call in sick. Every time the weather was bad, which means trouble for us, he'd call in sick. Sometimes he'd be okay for part of a shift and then it would hit him. He got so he wouldn't even answer the telephone, because that meant making another decision. He developed a cough and the more he coughed the more he knew he'd cough. One day he got coughing so bad he couldn't do any thing. Then he went away."

Another man under domestic as well as job pressure had a complete mental collapse. He began to imagine the government was out to get him. That officers of the department were following him around. Another man got so one day from his rednecked shyness and no apparent sign of illness, walked a few steps to a glass door and collapsed through it, cutting himself.

Fallures in equipment occur frequently. During January 1986, Precision Approach Radar used for landings in bad weather was out of action for a total of 6434 hours at Halifax, Vancouver and Toronto. I was assured by Department of Transport officials that such breakdowns are a thing of the past, but during a week-long visit to the Ontario Regional Control Centre in Toronto, I saw that happen frequently. I timed for one hour an emergency system designed to signal every aircraft approach each other too closely. It set off false alarms on the average of once every seven minutes.

Multiplying swarms of small aircraft have become a menace around

airports. About one third of all flying hours clocked in Canada are flown by private pilots with varying levels of skill. These aircraft mix awkwardly with the huge, swift airliners. It's not the big birds I worry about, an Air Canada pilot said to me. What worries me is an airliner coming off the tarmac a little heavy dragging his tail and smacking into one of the little guys. To counter the misuse at Toronto, the department established a Toronto Flight Information Service, which consists of a laptop radio screen and a read-through which a controller can advise small aircraft of other targets around them. The controllers who man this service call it "unlike. Few light aircraft carry the radio equipment that would allow the advisor to sort them out on his screen; they don't bother to contact him. And they are so numerous he couldn't take to them all if they did. Moreover, small plane pilots sometimes can't understand a warning when they get it. One was told "You have a target at 12 o'clock" — meaning an aircraft dead ahead — and he responded "That can't be so — I'm landing at 10:30."

Three years ago when the feared skywalkers threatened to strike the department, appointed Judge John D. Roberson of Hillsbury, Ont. to look into their problems. In a 15-month study he found plenty of staffing shortages, unacceptably low morale and difficulties in the supply and maintenance of equipment. (Equipment is not handled by the Air Traffic Control Branch but through the department's Telecommunications branch which once bought second-hand radio systems to fill an urgent need in Toronto. Van Cawser and Whithell spent four years installing and checking them. They found they were no good and scrapped them.)

Judge Roberson's report was produced in two volumes. The first, given out in scraps and bits in time, was laid on the Parliamentary Library. The second, a working document of the Department of Transport, was promptly labelled confidential by that department and taken out of circulation. The copy I obtained indicates that while some minor changes suggested by the judge have been made, his major proposals, including the entire restructuring of the department in relation to that — are possible. This month the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association goes to the bargaining table to ask the government for many of the things Judge Roberson thought should have been carried long ago.

Many air controllers in Canada are overworked. Toronto took four years to set up its own proper controllers and were strapped



**We're short of  
staff, overworked,  
overtired and  
under a crushing  
tension that can  
snap a man's mind--  
and your life may  
be in our hands**



The resolution isn't got it all yet, says a 3000, Chief of Air Traffic Control told me. "Perhaps Judge Rob Isaac didn't have full information on the facts he was writing about and his report would have been different, perhaps if the information had been available to him." So much for Judge Robinson.

To understand the system he weighed and found wanting, let's retrace the route of a recent flight. Air Canada 845, Vancouver down from Ottawa to Toronto, with Captain John Galagher as pilot.

Long before it left the terminal a flight plan was filed for AC845, showing the intended flight time, routing and type of aircraft. Translated into a computerized shorthand, this information was transcribed onto several narrow strips of paper called Flight Progress Strips, one of which was distributed to each of the five tower controllers in Ottawa and Toronto who would be affected. Throughout its flight, the plane's progress would be checked against the strips and followed constantly on radar to ensure that the flight plan was as hoped for.

Just before takeoff time, Captain Gallagher called a ground controller in the glass tower atop the Ottawa terminal and was cleared to the end of Runway 30. After a check of radar frequency, he called the tower controller in the same tower and was cleared for takeoff according to a power pattern. Once away from the airport, the flight passed in the IFR (Instrument Flight Rules) as opposed to the Visual Flight Rules (VFR) controller at a radar set down stairs in the tower building. To the IFR man (whose set incidentally is topped by a sign reading "We're Not About To Fly"), the Voyager appeared as two parallel lines moving along the runway known as Warden 300. About 30 miles out of Ottawa, control changed over to the Regional Control Centre in Toronto. This centre — there are eight of them across Canada — monitors all traffic on IFR flights, as well as the routes of the Visual Flight Rules traffic in Ontario. It is housed in a darkened room 90 feet long by 35 feet wide at the base of the Toronto control tower. Three walls of this gloomy room are blanketed by radar screens. Below them are long metal boxes holding Flight Progress Strips and radio equipment. Here, AC845 appeared as a blob on the radar sector called Ontario Low Altitude. The aircraft passed through three radar sectors and two radar screens before being handed over to Toronto Terminal Con-

**"We're opening new control towers, but we can't keep up with the workload now. What's going to happen tomorrow?"**

trol for landing instructions. Along the way the radar screens noted four air craft in the vicinity of 645 (Captain Gallagher saw only one) and noted a heavy DC-8 inbound from the east around and over the Windsor.

That is the system it works well, as captain disrupted by equipment failure or human frailty.

Time the afternoon before, Captain Gallagher's flight director's photograph, Hans Ehrlich, and I climbed the same staircase to the Toronto tower on an 18-foot octagonal rear wall in glass lined with dials and electronic gear and crisscrossed with the busy of vertical bars. Ehrlich was asked not to take pictures because the radar set used to monitor approaching traffic had been heated into the centre of the room for maintenance. We had been told by John Galagher that the air control unit was. "You hear a good deal about the gun-watching tension of this job but that's a lot of hogwash. We settled down to watch and listen, anticipating a quiet afternoon."

It didn't work out that way. First, a Vanguard came in with an engine out into position. Emergency trucks screeched into position as the plane settled onto the runway. The landing went smoothly enough but it took a full-scale tower of Toronto, across the tower. Soon the tempo of aircraft arrivals began to pick up. Montreal airport was closed by a storm and the diverted traffic added to the normal buildup of Toronto traffic. I decided to time the intervals between one plane's wheels lifting off the runway and another's touching down and found it was often as brief as 10 seconds. Safe enough, but why for the controller was it also monitoring traffic on a cross runway at this end of the field. Aircraft began to line up for take-off and the tower controller asked the

ATIS (Automatic Terminal Information System) to stretch the interval between arriving planes from three miles to six so that he could work more clearances into the traffic flow.

Then the power went off. Every radio in the tower went dead and controllers found themselves looking at instructions no pilot could hear. An emergency power switch was rigged, warning lights flickered and the tower was back on the air within five minutes. This happened three times within half an hour and five more and I despair. John Galagher's earlier comment began to feel a tinge of gut-wrenching tension. The controllers faced back in a set and rugged look.

Near the pilot of a light aircraft dressed to land on Runway 05 left well away from the view (left), headed in ahead for 05 right across the path of an inbound airliner. The airport controller asked him in tones of icy calm: "050, 050, wait, using the plane's call letters." I gave you Runway 05 left and you requested it."

The tower supervisor broke in, his voice a shade less calm: "Don't argue with him, put him up!"

"Put up?" barked the controller. "050, 050, 050."

My pulse rate was just working its way back to normal when a North Carolina Airlines Caravelle broke out of the clouds 200 feet over the end of the runway. Ehrlich was right to turn away — just as a DC-9 was turning into the sky. The DC-9 circled right through the path of the Caravelle. They missed by a wide margin but on the radar screens, downtown, two lines suddenly merged into one and an IFR controller's voice barked over the tower radio full of questions, commands and complaints.

When that got straightened away there was a moment of dead silence into which Ehrlich dropped a quote: "You hear a good deal about the gun-watching tension at this job," he said. "But that's a lot of hogwash."

In the IFR control downstairs, the same power failure that had striped out the tower radios was proving havoc. Abruptly at 4:20 p.m. radar sets malfunctioned, radios and cue lights went off. One minute later that an electrical contractor working on the emergency supply had wired the controls erroneously. A fault had worked loose in the emergency generator and jammed the air intake doors so that it overheated and shut off. The contractor called in an Act of God. He was asked to copy five Marine Acts of God in the midnight shift. It felt a damn pointless, across

continued on page 64

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the blacked-out controllers, controllers were frantically trying to remember which planes in their sectors were likely to impact each other. One controller had been directing two planes, one behind the other, up to 35,000 feet, while another was circling down to 28,000 feet on the same runway. Later, I asked him what he had done. "I played a lot," he said.

A portable power unit took over in the most vital sector — airport arrival and departure — while other positions were left to hope that nothing went wrong until the electricity came back on, 33 minutes later. When normal operations resumed, I told a controller, "You guys were pretty good to come out of that without a crash."

"Good, hell," he said, "we were bloody lucky." That chaotic afternoon was not, thank God, typical, but it served to indicate how tough the job can be for a controller. Tension is his constant companion: he knows a single mistake can mean disaster. The tension hits different notes in different ways. Sometimes, an overfired controller peering at a radar screen will "lose the picture" — he can no longer keep track of the 10 or 12 blips on his screen, he can't remember where they are going, or how high, or how fast. There is little he can do but call for help. Sometimes the resolution to obtain is violent — one man had to be removed from a control centre in a straitjacket. Sometimes it is silent — in Ottawa controller on duty when a helicopter crashed, through no fault of his, suddenly lost his voice.

Along with the tension, perhaps the most acute and chronic problem is overcrowding. John David Lyon, president of the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association, told me, "We were short of staff in 1960 and here it is nine years later and we're still short of staff." In some centres — Montreal is the worst — controllers work the equivalent of a full day of overtime every week, one man once worked 95 days without a break. Airline pilots, at risk because of the potential dangers of fatigue in high-speed, high-precision jobs, are far busier to fly more than 85 hours a month; controllers normally work a 40-hour week, and sometimes half that again in overtime.

No relief is in sight. Between 1963 and 1967 the volume of aircraft movements handled by the department's control towers rose 75.5 percent, and it is still increasing. But there has been no comparable increase in controllers. At the time of the Robinson report, the Air Traffic Control Branch was 313 men short of its established staff of 1,629. The department would not provide figures on the current shortage, but the controllers' association believes it is even worse.

Controllers president John David Lyon said, "We are opening new control towers all the time and we can't even keep up with the workload at today. What's going to happen tomorrow?"

I ask this to ATC Chief Scott. He is glad. "We are going to meet whatever requirements become necessary."

Perhaps. Yet at the Air Training School in Ottawa where these requirements must be met, such instructor has asked for a transfer, because they were reassigned to a lower grade last summer. There was no one to replace them, so they stayed on. But they are not happy. Menck appears to be low everywhere in the control towers, although Scott doesn't think so. "We think we're doing a pretty good job," he said.

That's how the department sees it. It's how a controller sees it. "I find myself annoyed to annoyance every time I think of humans being used the way we are. It is assumed that we can cope with whatever extra traffic flows so that we are infinitely absorbent spaces who make the system work regardless of the fact that little planning appears to be being done to update it. Any thought that there is a limit to human capacity, that fatigue effects can compromise safety is viewed as heresy."

The effects of fatigue do compromise safety, and the controller's complaint is not his alone. It involves every Canadian who flies and doesn't want to be part of the "godawful" in-law call seen many controllers are beginning to regard as the inevitable, bloody price to reform. □

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### PLATFORM from page 15

even have a majority.

**Davey:** That may be true. However, the Conservative Party has a lot longer because of its particular approach. But, you know, I really have only begun my list of achievements. I lead two and you changed the subject.

**Camp:** I think it would be sad that in the matter of national unity, after about a year of the Trudeau administration, we are in as sorry a state as

**LaFleur:** Oh my God, yes.

**Camp:** As I can remember. There is an element of frustration and pessimism and resignation in the country such as I can't remember in my lifetime.

**LaFleur:** I think that what Mr. Trudeau has done since last June 25 on the matter of national unity has been largely irrelevant. I think he has contributed nothing to the use of parliament as an instrument of national unity, nothing to the spirit of unity.

**LaFleur:** That's a cliché, Keith.

**Camp:** The great tragedy is that we were clear on it and you chose to

**LaFleur:** The people who are not really clear on a national unity policy have been those in the Liberal Party.

**Camp:** "Oh, Canada" is a stage slogan which is really meaningless. And everybody got carried away by it because it was uttered by a French Canadian. And there's no one in the Liberal Party to clarify it and they don't know what it means and Trudeau never chose to say I think it was encouraged by the press because the press likes little slogans.

**Davey:** Oh, but I couldn't agree more.

**LaFleur:** It's the only thing looking back to June 25 — and I'm not talking now as a politician — June 25 would have been the re-establishment of the federal government as the pole of attraction, but the federal-provincial confederation has deteriorated exactly the opposite. There's been a kind of deterioration in the provincial leaders, and I think this is becoming one of the problems of national unity.

**Davey:** I haven't been consulting across the country as both of you have, but I certainly don't think that applies in Quebec.

**Camp:** To make it simple, there was an opportunity in the free federal election for the strengthening of the confederation. The B and B Conservatives, and the subject really is not susceptible to demagoguery and to rhetorical diversion. You don't have to go shouting around the country, everybody knows there's a problem that must be honestly dealt with. But your party, the present Prime Minister, chose to kick it away because you were suffering your usual pains when you feel your interests are threatened in Quebec.

**Davey:** Well, the voters didn't kick a snap. Mr. Trudeau was able to form a minority government.

I put it in the door of the Liberal Party and Mr. Trudeau and Mr. Marchand.

**Davey:** You know, Dalton — if I may be forgiven for stating a fact that may be perceived — a lot of people, and I think particularly you, have a preoccupation with the Liberal Party and I think this has obstructed your own political career.

**Camp:** How can I help but be preoccupied with them? They now represent the government of the country and I have some sense of alarm, or concern growing to protect them.

**Davey:** Oh, yes, I can remember. You say I think I can make of your party is that the Conservative Party certainly hasn't been clear on its position in the whole national unity situation.

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**Davey:** Well, the voters didn't kick a snap. Mr. Trudeau was able to form a minority government.

**Camp:** That's all that counts?

**Davey:** To form a majority government and to enact legislation, which is what he's doing. By the way, we still haven't decided on a date for the next election which you asked me to say.

**LaFleur:** Just a minute.

**Davey:** The paramount issue is, I think, who the particular prime minister is.

**LaFleur:** National unity is constantly understood in the terms of what they call the French and the English, or Quebec and the rest of the country, but I'm beginning to be much more worried about the destruction of national unity that has to do, not so much with Quebec, but above all with the rest of the country. There is, I think a kind of nonsense that suggests that Quebec is the source of all our ills and all our weaknesses and I think that this creates a backlash and a hindrance to progress. So we should perhaps begin to put the emphasis elsewhere when we speak of national unity — "disorder" being the poster child in the beginning of the regional inquiry, the lack of affluence.

**Davey:** It has been suggested that I comment on the Prime Minister's relationship with the press. Well, they are unquestionably smart quite as having as in the beginning of the regional inquiry, the lack of affluence.

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highest priority to such things as a task force on government information. Barrett: Aren't you being pretty cynical? Dalton: I think the Prime Minister is far less concerned about press relations.

**LaPierre:** But Dalton has a point. Information for what? Surely to allow participatory democracy. Yet where is that participatory democracy? The PM gets all the press, not the government or an institution, as an instrument of the Canadian people.

**Camp:** I'd like to think of something more to say by way of a transition. But I'd have to leave that to others. To me, Mr. Trudeau's message was a triumph of style, as it is now a failure of content. He might have made a good king but he hasn't yet shown he will make a good prime minister. There is a question as to his capacity to endure to preserve, whether he has the staying power for the course. There is, as the job has a demand for discipline and a good deal of constant routine, and we're contemplating a man who has had very little experience as either. And he's 50 — I wonder if he has the patience to learn. He suggests to me someone who would the authority and the occasional perspicacity but not the everyday responsibilities that go with the office — a suggestion I found overwhelming when I watched him perform during the Commonwealth Conference. Let's face it, nothing has been achieved in this first year that would

not have been accomplished by Lester Pearson or anyone else, and perhaps less, given a majority government. We're very divided thus before, disparity is more disparate, and we are no more united than we were in so what we're about as a people and a nation and what we are going to do. However, Trudeau did produce a majority government, and for those who feel that is a virtue, we can finish by saying that achievement still stands. As the folks said, I don't care what you call it, I say it's speech and I say the hell with it.

**LaPierre:** Let me summarize. Mr. Trudeau, it has been able to change the style of Canadian politics to the degree that Canadians now think their political life is exciting, revolution sophisticated with a touch of sexual subterfuge. Secondly, he has nationalized the Liberal Party to such a degree that he has left his opponents far behind — they're now engaged in a useless and unprofitable struggle to minimize the importance of personality in political leadership. Thirdly, he has introduced a philosophy of change in many areas of our national life and given us, at the same time, the impression that every Canadian is involved in the process of change. And he has begun to catch up on his predecessor's amazing list of failures. However, at the same time, it must be admitted that Mr. Trudeau has failed to be challenging at all. In fact, he has become quite dull. All policy reviews have proved unsuccessful, reneuvelling and self-

regime. This is generally due to his natural contempt for nonsectarian advice and points of view. Mr. Trudeau doesn't appear to know the difference between the Right and the Left in politics, his functional politics is nothing but a reversion of Mackenzie King's obsession with the middle of the road. His deference to the elements and the negative initial approach of most provincial premiers has caused a crisis in the process of national unity. Nor has he been able to change the content and the structure of Canadian politics, "participatory democracy" is just another slogan. Finally, it is sad to admit that Mr. Trudeau's government has not been able to go beyond the mere trend the way, the obverse, and the mediocre. He is quite a disappointment.

**Regep:** You're both wrong. The first year of the Trudeau administration has been a year of thoughtful planning, a year in which a new prime minister has served out his and our priorities. It's been a bit of a shift, if not a spectacular achievement. Naturally, those who expected a continuing series of political pyrotechnics have been disappointed. A rational leader can never be inspiring, but he can be dynamic. Pierre Elliott Trudeau captures the exciting mood of Canada but he knows the difference between excitement and direction. He knows the difference between political style and government action. He is a master of both. Happily for us as Canadians, it's only the beginning. □

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## THE CONTEST


corrected on 49

A reward: to use an aphorism, "the wisdom of men and the wit of one" — how well-documented that wisdom is has recently been demonstrated by George May, a legend at the *Gleaner* of London. May shows that the same signs of tradition can be found in a variety of languages — only expressed in different accents. The *Gleaner* Irish proverb about how easily cooks spoil the broth for otherwise contented eaters in Portugal. Two midwives will deliver a baby with a cracked head. In Italian: With so many reasons cooking the son never comes up. In Japanese: Ten more hours and the boat up to the top of the mountain. May's version suggests that many of our common English proverbs, maxims and aphorisms, idioms have grown hearty with one and those. They could be worth some polishing up. Take that one about leading a horse to water. When did you last lead a horse anywhere? Wouldn't it be more accurate to say these days to choose. You can

always make an Ebbel but you can't make it sell? Readers are invited to provide contemporary versions for our traditional English proverbs. Prizes will be awarded for public, relevant and no longer set. Address: Contest No. 49, Maclean's 481, University Avenue, Toronto 2 Ont. Deadline: June 26.

**RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 47:** Random was asked to play Steve Allen's old TV gag game by providing funny questions for a set of great answers. The answer was outstanding, but unfortunately there was an incredible number of errors that were almost fatal. More than 10 readers provided questions involving food. 15 March for the answer: "Punch in July." Durren of readers thought of female happen when looking for the answer: "Menstruation." Time and again the theme of little boys went for sound came up in relation to "an electric shaver." With so many mistakes around the vote, the judges were forced to choose

the winners merely on the basis of how witty the questions were worded. Five dollars goes to each of these finalists: *The answer is: Punch in July.* The question is: What would Lester Pearson be doing if he was out a piece again? — D. J. C. MATH, VANCOUVER. The answer is: John Turner. The question is: What would you call a person who spent an audience? — ART CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO. The answer is: A piece of his mind. The question is: What could Lester Which one among that nobody would miss? — WILF L. C. WALKER, CALGARY. The answer is: The losing loser of the answer is: What has the solution but lacks the taste? — BRILLA, VANCOUVER. The answer is: The first man on the moon. The question is: Who said "I asked to be transferred, but this is ridiculous"? — JAMES JAMES, TROY, ONT. □



*The marriage has broken and they  
wagone they've put unhappiness  
behind them. But ahead lies a  
demeaning ordeal for which  
they're unprepared. They'll learn  
there is no such thing as*

# EASY DIVORCE

BY DOUGLAS MARSHALL

To arrive on war to split? There comes a hatching moment in all but fairy-tale marriages when divorce suddenly looms as a serious possibility. Somebody finally opens the refrigerator, a door slams once too often, a bad guest is kept in too long. Alone in a bar or locked in a bathroom you blackly contemplate the cozy domestic basket in which you've placed all your emotional eggs. Is the bottom falling out before your eyes? Maybe it would be best to separate, now, before both joint finances are ruined. It's a temptation prickly with guilt and anguish, yet promising absolution.

Until recently the temptation was nearly always resisted. Divorce carried a social stigma. It still implies failure. Our traditions hold that the domestic crises pass, that the basket can be patched up, that you'll be happier if you soldier on. Often this is true. But traditions are as brittle as breadsticks these days and marriages crumble all around us. The word "oil death as do part" are now understood to mean "oil incompatibility as do part." Couples seem to be uncoupling as casually as buttons.

Since Canada's new "easy" divorce legislation came into effect just a year ago, applications for divorce have more than doubled. At a conservative estimate some 25,000 petitions will be filed this year—and all but 50 or so eventually will go through—compared with 11,186 divorces granted in 1967. In Toronto, divorce applications (about 500 in February) are rising at 50 percent of the marriage rate.

Clearly, part of this increase represents a backlog of bad marriages that couldn't be dissolved under the restriction by Harding Brown.

old laws. But it's equally obvious that many more couples, when faced with a marital crisis, are choosing to separate rather than gamble that their marriage will work out. What few people who opt for divorce realize is that, despite the new laws, they are in for one of the roughest emotional journeys of their lives.

This article is based on interviews with lawyers, marriage counselors and battered veterans of the divorce process. None of these recommends divorce as the automatic solution to your unhappy marriage. But if you are determined to separate, you should be aware of what is involved. Your situation probably fits the general pattern more than you're prepared to admit. And the lessons learned by others may help you make it through from separation to divorce absolute without coming perilously close to a nervous breakdown.

First, some general warnings. Don't expect that "easy" divorce will make the actual proceedings any easier on you. The new law has merely provided more avenues out of a marriage besides the old thoroughfare of adultery. Grounds for divorce have been widened to include sedition, insanity, rape, homosexuality, cruelty and the concept of "marriage breakdown." Recognition of the marriage-breakdown principle is indeed a major advance. But the conditions under which courts are prepared to grant divorces on this ground are complex and the hearing is likely to be time-consuming. An expert in the Justice Department concedes that adultery, the ground still cited in about 70 percent of cases, remains the fastest and simplest way to win a divorce. All of which means the hypocritical doctrine





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that there must be a guilty and an innocent party in a divorce splits still largely prevail.

Even with adultery in the ground, the average unsuccessful divorce today takes longer (a year earned of an average that a did two years ago). One reason is the rapid buildup of cases: our present court machinery is bogged down. Another reason is that parties are now required to satisfy the court that reconciliation has been explored and rejected. A judge who isn't satisfied may advise the case. The result is that your own private agony is prolonged.

The pain and stress that a normal person suffers during the divorce period may be experienced to be believed. Divorced friends will seldom be willing to tell you how traumatic it can be. It's a nightmare they are struggling to forget. The truth is that no matter how amicably a couple agree to separate they steadily wind up bitter enemies. Once the legal paper work starts," says Ethel Popper, a Toronto attorney who has traced many a matrimonial battleground "you have an irrevocable declaration of war."

Morton M. Hest is American divorce expert and author of *The World Of The Forewarned Married* says husband and wife are often quick convinced about making temporary separation arrangements. "But as soon as they begin trying to reach an agreement on final legally enforceable terms they find themselves entangled in a series of petty and frequently vicious fights." Hest argues that this bitter fighting could have therapeutic value. It's a ritual that achieves the emotional disavowal of the marriage.

This may be true but it doesn't alter the fact that the divorce process like all warfare is hell while it lasts. Moreover it's a lovely hell, gradually the lawsuit period pulls over edges (unless, of course, you are married off with someone else). Separation of divorce actions comes absolutely on the point. No matter how hollow and meaningless your marriage was the fact that you were still living together provided you with certain common-law securities and a fringe of reliance in society. Once you're separated you're alone in a social bomb: your values are wrong somewhere, and you can't even enjoy the companionship of casual intimacy any more. What are some specific ways to cope with that evil situation?

**AFTER THE BREAKUP**  
Some marriages end on a prearranged date, but others with a bang. If the wife was a help to be realistic about what's happened. Marriage is

like a living organism and once it's dead, it's dead. It's not a question of how work. "Start your divorce action the day you move out," advises a 30-year-old man whose marriage lasted four years. "If you think you're going to save yourself a lot of trouble by waiting, forget it. It's going to be a pleasure anyway, there's no such thing as a pleasant divorce."

It also pays to be practical about money. "My first instinct after the breakup was the survival of me," says a 32-year-old divorcee. "I was so preoccupied that other important things tended to be forgotten. It took me some time to realize that this was war on several fronts—and the last of them before the first." Before the separation agreement is signed, a woman should discover exactly how much money her husband is making. It's amazing how many wives don't know it, what his other income is and what he earned income is likely to be. Many lawyers advocate doing this even if it means hiring detectives.

By the same token a man should find out about any extra income his wife may receive. She could be renting out her old room as a lodger for instance, or working at a part-time job. Once the facts are clear the man should ensure that the separation agreement is signed as soon as possible. The money he pays in support then becomes non-negotiable and he is no longer responsible for any debts his wife runs up.

### SIGNING THE AGREEMENT

This is where the crunch comes. After a separation agreement is signed, it's usually a rusty and expensive business changing it. So make sure it's done properly the first time. The law man must draw up the agreement and support money, division of property, custody of the children and visiting privileges.

On the question of support the only winner is a fight for every cent. Frequently the man starts out thinking he'll be noble and the woman that she will be gracious. But when the man realizes he is expected to live on less than his office boy earns and the woman discovers how carefully she'll have to budget, grace and generosity vanish.

Division of property can be equally painful. Hostility flares up over obviously small things. "We didn't have much trouble with property," recalls one man who hired a lawyer. "But each specific way to cope with that evil situation."

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**CUTTING LEGAL COSTS**  
Under the new legislation you can save a lot of money by postponing for a divorce on your own. A Toronto mother of four did so last January and was her divorce was. The whole thing cost her just \$71.66 in court fees. The court here is that she had already obtained a legal separation back in 1960. When that's a complicated separation agreement was thrashed out, a divorce cost and had not as much as \$5,000. (unpaid expenses).

The whole secret of cutting costs is to make sure the legal work is as efficient as possible. In most Canadian cases an average straightforward divorce costs about \$750. If you use a lawyer the lawyer's fee may add \$100 or so to a divorce. What governs the lawyer's fee is the amount of

preparation needed. Do as much of your dirty work as possible. Keep going over a separate agreement in the lawyer's office or consulting him mindlessly during the long waiting period will add the costs soaring. It's also better to go to a lawyer who represents a divorcee law.

"Above all," says one divorcee, "don't use your lawyer as a head-sinker." If you feel you need help, you save money and increase your chances of survival by going to a qualified professional.

#### BEFORE THE COURT HEARING

This is a period of intense anticipation of exactly what happens, of how the judge will approach the case. The divorcee just. The husband is usually looking into a cheap hotel room living out of a suitcase, grabbing greasy open meals, pretending he likes staying there by himself, a few blocks away from the place he's going through the motions of running a household, cooking for the children, dividing the empty savings. "You're neither married nor unmarried," remembers one divorcee with a snicker. "You have no money. You are out of the house."

The most depressing factor of all is that you can't count on your friends. They inevitably choose sides. Some will ally with the other camp. You shouldn't be hurt or dismayed by this, or held grudge later. They are embarrassed and simply don't know what else to do. Even the friends who stay on your side are of small consolation. They keep talking about the marriage and trying to get you to see if you'd prefer to "forget," says the lawyer. "They also think they are helping you by constantly putting your wife down. Now a funny thing happens in this period. You find yourself sticking up for the woman, even though she may be a narcissist, because there remains an affinity between you and her."

Socially the separated will tend to be more isolated than her husband. Other women regard her as a threat because she is on her way to being divorced. Other husbands sensitive to these vibrations, grow profoundly distant.

The husband from hell, because married himself like pity on his burning cigarette at a garden bachelorette. They arrive bare-headed for a home-cooked meal and the hostess makes halfhearted offers to do the shirts that are torn and the hostess hardly comports for the strain the wife is under at home. He can't afford to let his domestic chain cost him the job he now needs more than ever. He shouldn't drink too much with either his fellow workers or his employer, or discussion becomes unavoidable.

he should be drunk about the situation and then work his head off.

#### IN THE COURTROOM

Your divorce case could well be the first time you have been made a spectator of life. It's often taken part in a hearing. Most, yourself. The atmosphere of the courtroom could call for a response. What comes in a profound shock. Waiting just now you may see the private tragedies of last or five other couples and learn and realize you are not unique. The judge has not through the tales of a thousand and one sad and rights and the accumulation of dirt has formed a caricature over his feelings. When you hear him ask a question whether the man wearing an earring or a loose dent he just decided that nothing is going to undo your embarrassment.

Many divorcees, particularly women, answer they will be able to take the stand and present in emotional participation of why they are there. But there is no therapy in a divorce hearing. If the ground is industry or anything else except marriage breakdown, when the judge is a balance scale drama in black and white. Somebody is innocent and somebody is guilty and that's the way it has to be played.

"The only way to get through it is to discipline yourself, turn off all your glands," says a divorced woman who has appeared both as a plaintiff and a co-respondent. "Otherwise you'll become extremely bitter about the minute the judge begins to ask the questions you want to see out of that place in honor. It's a good idea to have arranged something to do immediately afterward — a dinner, a dance party, anything to keep your mind off it."

#### AFTER THE DIVORCE

Once you are legally single again and recovered from the worst effects of that achievement, you'll want to regain society. A primary step is to let the rest of the world know where you are. Super-hip people mail out divorce cards. This is to announce that Georgeanna Hippelbeiger is now divorced but lives at the same address. Men frequently make use of the change-of-address notices available from the post office. One simple way to convey the news is to wait until Christmas and send a brief note on all the cards you send.

These announcements often reap a crop of invitations. You'll have to face the big party where the hosts have heavily invited both you and your former spouse. They expect everyone to bring (and it really does) but go through with it. Then there will be lots of little dinner parties.

ties at which you find yourself sitting beside an uninvited reminder of the divorcee act. Divorcees soon learn they have to contend with a great deal of advice about remarriage from close female friends. The friends are acting out of sympathy. They want to get the divorce woman out of the way as fast as possible, they have enough problems with their husbands' secretaries.

The recently divorced man finds it easier to avoid such situations. He can always plead with some truth that "I'm still hanging on my first marriage." His first reaction on giving freedom is to go out on the town, play the field and pretend he's now a successful woman, and a "Toujours" swinger. But it doesn't last. For as time, he may find that he has lost some things in his pocket as a Sunday night man his teenage son. For another, his values have turned sour. "I want wife," admits one man. "I started hanging around with lower, a really depressed bunch. I drank heavily, smoked pot and found a nympho in every closet. It took me a year before I was able to get back to normal relations with a woman again."

But it's the divorced mother who emerges as the real loser in our society. You don't have to consult the Department of Statistics to learn that there are far more eligible females around than there are males; you can see this fact on the down town streets any lunch hour. In her search for a new husband the divorced mother is playing not to go backward. Lather for her children. It's a tough situation to measure up to. At the same time the divorced divorcee that although she has the legal status of a widow, her prospects of remarriage are much poorer. Men tend to consider her an easy object of sexual exploration. "I'm not sure I'm able to handle this situation even yet," says a mother of three daughters who has been divorced for six years. "But I have learned that most men think they are God's own gift to the divorcee." The result is that in our large cities there is a growing group of divorced mothers who have come to terms with the probability that they will stay singles for the rest of their lives.

Three reasons one might avoid divorce. If you are lucky enough to find another spouse, statistics show that your second marriage will be far less risky. Presumably, this is because people make more intelligent choices the second time around.

Only a cynic would suggest it's because somebody who has been through the initial old divorce pain won't rather suffer marital torture than volunteer to take the trip again. ☐

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What do everyone—rich, women, old or young, thin, medium, was for Vancouver's Sydney Greenstreak? It features gay men who is the hippest, latest color to wear in the rainbow. The models sporting the latest in summer whites are two young singers from Toronto: Dave Brooks and Jay Smith. Dave was born in the U.S., first sang in Toronto 10 years ago, lived it so much the perfect two years and moved back permanently. Jay's been working steadily in clubs, TV and radio ever since. Jay's first record, on the Revolution label, has just been released and this month she leaves for the U.S. on an eight-month tour with the Kings of Soul. Roy Charles Jay Smith is had longer with the Ronnie Hawkins Band. The group spends four months in Toronto each year was the rest of the time on tour. Jay formed his own night school band. He was discovered by Hawkins four years ago and, except for one period when he left to form his own group, The Jaymen Smith People, only been singing with him ever since.



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# YOU & YOUR MONEY

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This is an era of great change for a financial institution that has about 1950s billion of insurance in force and assets of close to \$100 billion. The main change for the customer is in the growing availability of plans that take two things into account: inflation and the growth potential of already chosen common stocks.

This is a response to an old criticism of life insurance—that by the time you or someone else collects that \$25,000 it may be worth only half as much as buying power in when the policy was purchased. Already some plans are available that will combat the dollar-shrinking ravages of inflation. For example, North American Life has cut its income protection to living costs to \$20,000 in a similar way. And most other major companies are moving in that direction.

There is also a drive by life insurance companies to get into the retirement or other financial business. They recognize the increasing number of Canadians believe it is not to separate their financial coverage and their retirement and investment plans. This means the frequent criticism that most insurance policies are an unwise combination of protection and savings. If you do, you may have to give up or lower your protection in order to emphasize on the savings portion of the policy.

There is a trend to give insurance the right to sell both life insurance and investment plans in various policies. Ontario has already handled the right to sell both life insurance and mutual fund shares. Such dual financing is also provided in Ontario's Mutual Fund and Shareholders in the Province of Ontario. Life companies who sell variable life policies for a mutual fund share part of the benefit program, also mean that very few changes in the price of the securities.

These developments emphasize the purchase of more common stocks rather by the life company itself or by having the buyer split his money between an insurance policy only to death and a separate investment plan.

Ten years ago life companies barely touched the bond. Today, some are selling a 10-year bond on the verge. Higher rates and the companies' improved investment performance and that will mean more common stock purchases. □



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## On-the-towners' guide to Montreal

Over dinner last night in Montreal, you can read the map over a Table d'Union. La Poutine—rich and moist—is a classic Quebec dish—or you can dine with the natives in their own places and discover a pub-crawl's meaning. It's a beautiful town when it comes to its spots, but the two hottest ones right now are the St. William Church Pub and the adjacent Bolder Bazaar on Concord Street. Le Bazar on Mountain Street (real name: Chemin Louis-Buchanan), a wonderfully comfortable old place with a nice food up for sale, is another place to go. It's a beautiful town when it comes to its spots, but the two hottest ones right now are the St. William Church Pub and the adjacent Bolder Bazaar on Concord Street.

The Pub and the Bolder Bazaar are a demonstration of what is possible to do with two old buildings, given \$100,000 and an artistic eye for interior design. Both of them are jammed every night with a mix of activities: writers, artists, CBC-type celebrities, artists and the police, just in Montreal. The Bolder Bazaar is a demonstration of what is possible to do with two old buildings, given \$100,000 and an artistic eye for interior design. Both of them are jammed every night with a mix of activities: writers, artists, CBC-type celebrities, artists and the police, just in Montreal.

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Also, Pierre Cardin used to meet friends there (like at Le Bistrot, whose patrons claim to have spotted him as recently as last winter). The H&M regulars include their actor producer as Montreal, acrobatic-funkies, a hard-drinking composer and pianist who has been separated from his home and home, an amazingly accurate remember of public facts throughout the city. Table-hopping with a quartet of Mohicans in hand is The H&M's time-honored pastime.

The most atmospheric Québécois restaurant in Montreal is L'Auberge le Vieux St. Gabriel in the old town. The best French cuisine is at Chez Benoît on Henri-Bouvier Boulevard. For his moderately priced ribs, winks, served with two hors d'oeuvres, try Schmitt's on St. Laurent, Boulevard, René, at Maisonneuve and Montclair. In the new Quebec Montreal, delicious, packed with all hours with more celebrities, Chez Georges, on Sainte-Suzanne, a fine for Jack Georges — you'll find him behind the bar participating in an elaborate chat with regular patrons — will suggest it, plus the year Le Cuck des Amis on Dufferin Street is a highlight of French-language TV news.

The most evening cheerfulness, currently, are Mous, Schmitt's on Côte-des-Neiges 1400, a small dance floor and a light show and Le Vieux Saint in old Montreal (light a match when you expect a hot from the bottom).

If you drive into the Lac Beauport, be sure to stop at La Bûche à Maudou in Val-David. There's a snack every night but Monday all summer — two steaks, french fries and steaming Ray, which Leverage — and champagne on Saturdays. At Petit Proulx, a Val-David restaurant is irresistibly famous for its ham, corn, maple syrup.

Other summer attractions: Man And His World shows 12 to September 11. The all-ages in space and of Expo had looked nobody at the time of writing. The Garden of Water in La Rivière may present live theatre and musicals, which were temporarily substituted at several handbills on the way.

What des Arts can't back during the summer, but the Montreal Symphony Orchestra will present more weekly pop concerts there.

La Corbinne Canadian, dark in July, has looked a gourmet and happened called that. Richon Prince in Rome. The play in French, is by Eugene Cloutier from August 15 to September 25. La Corbinne will present Foulard (Monsieur, an evening of musicals and a seasonal musical. Marcel Minkoff, a singer, director who was a hit in Expo.

Cult de l'Expo, La Corbinne, is the best time for Québecois linguistic entertainment. La Paroisse, which frequently hosts top Québecois musicians, will do the same kind of summer in French language culture and theatre. This little town-sized town a chance after overbooked by English-speaking visitors, is the city's best showcase of new Québec talent. A willingness to order in French — even occasionally — is appreciated by the management staff. ☐



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old furnace. Now they can just adjust the temperature they want in each room, and think of draughts and chilly spots only as past discomforts.

Electrical modernization meant re-wiring to provide plenty of conveniently placed outlets and ample power to spare for future needs. The lowering of fuses and cluttered extension cords are no more than memories. One of the joys of their bright new all-electric kitchen is the no-trace no-triplexer. It never needs de-bussing.



And the rings never needs cleaning... not by Betty. She just opens the oven door, sets a dial and electricity does the rest. Bob and Betty get more out of life in many ways by getting the most out of electricity. Yet re-wiring their old home cost them far less than you may think. And the Hydre-Financ Plan made it so easy to manage. To put the dream back into your home, ask your Hydre about electrical modernization.





Margaret Laurence's new woman — a woman of our time, bitchy and brave as she finds her compromise with life



MRS. STACY MACANDREA of Blaisy Creek, Vancouver, is an entirely contemporary heroine, one of the first in Canadian fiction. Mrs. Stacy MacAndrea is the heroine of Margaret Laurence's novel *The Five Days*.

We introduce Margaret Laurence for her women. Her earlier Canadian novels were built around unfortunate women — Hagar in *The Stone Angel* and Rachel in *A Jest of God*, which was filmed by Paul Newman as *Harlowe*.

Stacy MacAndrea, shares their room in the enclosed life of the Manitoba town of Mankiwia, she is in fact the older sister of Rachel Cameron, the young schoolteacher in *A Jest of God*. Unlike Rachel, Stacy left the small town before it could scar her and joined the suburban middle class. She is a suburban wife with four kids and a marriage, as trapped as by a hypochondriac mother but by the fear with of the family room, dominated by Miss Street groups but by the violence on TV. Her concerns are as contemporary as those of any part, heavy-lidded mothers pushing a cart to the market in your supermarket.

The most contemporary thing in the interior candor, the self-conscious Rachel Cameron phantasmal lover in a heavily had, the telephonic Stacy MacAndrea addresses herself as a bitchy and self-mocking monologue, earthy and colloquial.

This interior voice, which asserts Stacy MacAndrea with charm and her story with wit, is an unrepentant third party to her assumptions. While the mouthful, it comes, defends, pines. It comments on her inner as when she reads with her husband about their mutual infidelities.

What about the girl, Mac? That's secondary. That's different, it says. Suppose it's okay for you to touch her.

Yes, it is different, if you really want to know. It's not what you're obviously thinking.

I bet I just bet.

— We go on this way and the words just become razor strokes

and the razor becomes burning knives and the leaves become words and how do we stop?

Events become words. As Stacy MacAndrea sings on, struggles to reach her changing children, conscious adultery, her unspoken voice remarks the small capacity of individuals to communicate with and know one another. It marks the almost between husband and wife, father and son. The wounding allegories.

The trouble with using a universal problem is that you can never hope to resolve it, and *The Five Days* never does. It is an inevitably very Stacy and her family

struggles and find some kind of success. "Temporarily they are all more or less okay."

If the story is flawed, the portrait is ignored. Stacy MacAndrea's husband, children and neighbours are less characters than the perfectly focused material of her perceptions. The one significant development is the psychic maturing of a woman as the rounds of 40, moving from a nation seeking to a nation's compromise.

"From now on, the dancing goes on only in the head."

In the authentic portrait of a woman of our time *The Five Days* by Margaret Laurence (McClelland & Stewart, \$3.95).

## The breakthrough Bossowners almost didn't make

reactions, ironically enough, was enduring another bump of "Great City" bossowners as the day Grace Gibson, a failed MA from Western U., sat down to tell life was talking about the 16 months of uncertainty he spent while four of the Great City's publishers hounded and hounded his first novel, *Five Days*, which took him nine years to write. None of them published it in the end, but the uncommercial and adventures House of Anansi did. Half the first printing of 1,000 copies sold in the first week, and it was acclaimed a "breakthrough" novel.

You can't blame the other publishers — who know novels, anyway? Not critics, not necessarily other novelists. Gibson says those who know are those who get the message. Like the Rockville College girl who phoned at three in the morning "Wow," she said. "Oh, Grace." The rest was automatic — but she'd got the message.

One first reading I did not say Wow. The impact was slow, like one of those movie sequences when the stars sleep blows in a steady drum roll of explosions.

Five days is about one ghostly day when a student is burned in

Stratford, Ont., about two of the normies, one old and one young and both crippled by such as surely as a break event is crippled by insanity, about their parents and their devouring women, about the sheer unavailability of supernatural within the Anglo-Protestant ethos of southwestern Ontario.

The novel is dense and structured — Gibson wanted to make it as the most difficult form. It has fragments of Joyce and Kafka, fractured sentences, layer on layer of unbroken time individualized into the events of the day. The first half is told by Lucan Crookell, a disintegrating professor, the second by Felix Oswald, roommate of the dead student. The change in view is arbitrary but the funeral-bread of the narrative is severely impeded.

Technically, it is a breakthrough, though perhaps the book is saying too much to engage the casual reader. New Orleans, 34, is drawing his lecture's notebooks to hand for Mexico, there to reassemble the shattered pieces of Felix Oswald for Novel No. 2.

It would have been worse than ironic if *Bossowners* had earned double the breakthrough book. As it stands, it did. *Five Days* by Grace Gibson (House of Anansi, cloth \$6.50, paper \$2.95).

## Hear bagpipes skirl. Tee off at dawn. Find your own place in the sun. Have a great Ontario adventure this vacation.

Land Between the Lakes we call it, that part of Ontario where the industries of Windsor thrive. Where Shakespeare's words around at Stratford. And fairy tales come true in London's Storybook Gardens.

There are places here familiar as your own name. And places you've still to discover.

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Board the Tobemary Ferry for a voyage to the great Island of Manitoulin. And take a day of a week to walk with nature along the famed Bruce Trail.

There's a lot to discover in the Land Between the Lakes. So much that we've written a book about it. With colour pictures and maps and all sorts of information. It's one of five books we've written describing five different Ontario adventure vacations. Write for it now to Department of Tourism & Information, Room DND-1, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

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Flower Pot Island



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Blue water and white sand at Beach Beach

Only at Fern Park can you take a walk on the beach

# Ontari-ari-ario

It's a nice place to visit, even when you live there.





Want to put on a successful summer festival? Here's the mad, mad formula — which happens to work

**T**ourist advertisements for Canada used to show glowing vistas of woods, beaches, golf courses, lakes and other scenes for sportmen and sightseers. These rapturous descriptions of our native delights still appear — but among them new scenes are introduced to attract and mislead tourists: art galleries and museums, Indian potlaches, folk-dance concerts and international film festivals.

Ad-venturers in, say, Auckland, New Zealand, who read these come-ons, must understand that from being an unspoiled wilderness this country has overnight become a positive garden of taste culture.

Our festival had began in 1953, when the first Stratford Festival persuaded an untamed world that the outdoors could be used in a desert. It took Canadians a little longer to realize that tourists would come here to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars on what we had always considered arid driftns — but the idea took hold so quickly that the people in Paris, Ont., were soon talking about an annual Folies Bergères.

Vancouver opted for a grand international mixture of concert and opera, Charlottetown for Canadian music, Niagara-on-the-Lake for Shakespeare and other cultural causes for expatriates from Youth Theatre to Sound-and-Light spectacles. Dawson City even tried a Gold Rush Festival, but found the modern three-dollar Inn sign to be the gold in them, but freebeers had been to bring it out.

Somewhere or other I got mixed up in the birth of several of these productions and packed up a little roadshow along the way, at which by now as well I shewcase pass along the following gaule of wisdom to all those who contemplate going to a festival, or into the festival business.

First of all, your true summer festival works only in a place so remote as to be impossible to get to. Take Niagara-on-the-Lake, to find which you need a four-color road-map. Or take the ferry to PEI — if you can get on it. Stratford had the right idea in its second season when the ferry took up all the roads into town and persuaded the province the following year to rebuild

# THE LUVELY ARTS

BY MAVOR MOORE

the highways and put in detours.

Next, accommodations should be so arranged that the demand for rooms be steady to the supply. People should be ready to suffer for art.

Restaurants must be suitably casual as to both food and tone, so that patrons arrive hungry and hot, their frustration assuageable only by food for the night. Failure to understand this cost Vancouver its festival; too many hotels and motels and good restaurants are tied to high art.

A special effort must be made to woo menageries, by playing all the music at top volume, introducing four-letter words whenever possible, and encouraging the actors to appear in public with long hair even when their roles call for crew-cuts. But a special appeal must also be made to tourists who come in families with children, by playing soft music, subduing any suggestion of sex, and keeping them calm away from the actors — preferably at puppet shows in the park.

It should be clearly understood that opening nights are for high society,

drunk or sober. They have to come some time, and one might as well get it over with. The commentators in shirts and T-shirts will then feel privileged to come later — after all, they are so few opening nights and so few days.

Above all, a festival is no fun unless the attraction is hard to get over. Whether it's a play or a concert, an art gallery or a pop-and-rock rally, the weary traveler must be convinced that the golden gate is all but unpassable. Taxes must be unobtainable, tickets should be scarce, actors must show you to already-occupied seats, and the above-mentioned night periodically to break down.

I hardly need add that none of the foregoing admonitions apply to the forthcoming Opening Festival at our splendid new National Arts Centre in Ottawa — which, as everybody knows, is easy to get to, well supplied with taxis, hotels, good restaurants and door in Hall, and the highest of high society.

At for Toronto — Per ardua ad astra!

## The traveler's guide to summer festival fare

**National Arts Centre Opening Festival, June 2 to 14, Ottawa:** The National Ballet Company, the Toronto Symphony, L'Orchestre Symphonique de Montreal, La Trilline du Nouveau Monde, the Vancouver Playhouse Company, a new play by Canadian writer Jack Winter, a new opera by Canadian composer Gabriel Charpentier, and assorted classical and popular groups and soloists. Kickstarted by a summer festival of "light entertainment."

**Stratford Festival** (no longer with "Shakespeare" as its title), June 9 to October 11, Stratford, Ont.: Richard Manx for Maurice Brown's *The Alchemist*, Melina Jurekovic (repeat), the modern *Richard III*, and a new musical version of *Peter Pan*. *The Secretion*. Plus a contemporary music festival at the Rothmans Art Gallery.

**Shaw Festival, June 23 to August**

31, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.: *The Doctor's Dilemma*, a double bill of *Back to Methuselah* (Part I) and *Infant Moses*, and *Mother's The Goodwives*.

**Charlottetown Festival, June 30 to August 31, Charlottetown, PEI:** the personal *Asses of Green Gables*, a repeat of last year's *Johnny Brinkley*, and another new Canadian musical, *Like a Wave* by Ray Buss and Martin Grondoff. The Canada Council collection at the Confederation Art Gallery, children's shows, etc.

**Bushby Stage, July 2 to August 16, Winnipeg:** *The King and I* (to July 19) followed by *Fanny Hill*. **Beaufort Summer Festival, July and August, Beaufort, Alta.** The Beaufort Festival of Fine Arts on display. **Napagan Theatre, July and August, Halifax:** Melina's *Lillem*, *Charley's Aunt* and the *June Bering Festival*. **Mariposa Festival, early August, Toronto:** repackaged from Oshawa, the folk-and-jazz fest has found a new home on Toronto Island.

# Break out the frosty bottle, boys, and keep your collins dry!



# Summer starts June 21.



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